The September

Leatherne Series

200





FROM THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA

Republic of Mexico in May, 1846, over a piece of territory called, by the Mexicans, the Province of Tejas. American settlers who had made their homes in this sparsely populated land, set up the Republic of Texas, and had been admitted to the Union. But with the designation of the Rio Grande as the boundary, the long smouldering embers of contention flamed and battles raged. Within the first year an American Army was probing deep into Mexico, and Marines were taking part, both ashore and afloat. During the siege of Vera Cruz, the war chiefs in Washington decided to start a drive to capture the Mexican capital.

An army of 13,000 men, under Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, landed at Vera Cruz in March, 1847, and with the aid of Marines from Commodore Perry's fleet, subdued the coastal city. The outstanding valor and performance of the Marines caused Gen. Scott to call on the Navy Department for larger units than the ship detachments then ashore.

In June a battalion of Marines, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel S. E. Watson, sailed from Fort Hamilton, N. Y., and on arrival was assigned to the Fourth Army Division at Puebla. On August 6, the battalion was brigaded with the Second Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Brigadier General John Quitman. With the arrival of these seasoned troops, Gen. Scott immediately began his march toward Mexico City. A small detachment of Marines was left at Puebla to guard the sick and wounded, and the supply dump, and upon arrival at San Augustine, Gen. Scott ordered the brigade of Marines and Pennsylvanians to stay behind in reserve. This was a great disappointment to the Marines who then, as now, prided themselves on their "First to Fight" reputation

They were not left behind very long. Gen. Scott attacked the approaches to the Citadel of Chapultepec on September 8, and was meeting with such furious resistance from the Mexicans that he called for the Marines on the 9th. They arrived at Coyaocan, west of Churubusco, on the 11th, after a forced march.

The route to Mexico City was blocked by the Citadel of Chapultepec, situated on a narrow rock ridge two and a half miles from the capital. On the north, east and south the ridge rose almost vertically 200 feet from the level of the plain. The only approach was the west road and this was well guarded by a line of stone blockhouses called Molino el Rey. The Citadel of Chapultepec, begun in 1783, had become the Military College of Mexico in 1833.

American artillery batteries began a bombardment from the west side of the hill and continued through the entire day of the 12th. Under cover of the bombardment the Marines' commander, Gen. Quitman, made a reconnaissance of the fortress with the support of a force of Marines led by Major Levi Twiggs. As the reconnaissance party returned to the American lines the Mexicans attacked in great numbers from woods surrounding the hill. Although repeatedly checked by the Marines' rifle fire, they continued to advance until dispersed by several rounds of cannon fire.

During the night two assault parties of more than 500 Marines and Army volunteers were formed to spearhead the attack on the citadel. A pioneer force of 70 Marines under Captain J. G. Reynolds was equipped with scaling ladders, crowbars, and pickaxes. Two support groups of Marines and soldiers were commanded by Col. Watson and Major Twiggs, respectively.

At dawn on August 13, the U. S. batteries resumed their shelling. The Mexicans replied with unusual spirit and effect, inflicting serious damage on the attackers. Under cover of shelling the assault force worked its way up the slope. The cannonading ceased when they were ready to charge the battered walls of the fortress. The Mexicans fought valiantly against the infantry attack, but the Marines effected a breach, and the signal was given for a general attack.

Behind the breastworks the Mexican cadets fought with greater and greater fury. For a short time the contest was hand-to-hand; swords and bayonets flashed and rifle butts thudded dully into the skulls of American and Mexican. Many fell. Major Twiggs died as he led his men over a parapet. The remainder of the Marine battalion under Col. Watson poured through a breach and the citadel fell.

A detachment of soldiers was left to guard the prize while the main body of the Army moved on to Mexico City. It was late afternoon when they arrived at Belen gate on the Tacubaya Causeway. Here the Americans found the Mexican artillery strongly manned. They faced slashing fire from riflemen in ambuscades on the avenidas leading to the gate. But with the veteran Marine battalion leading the attack the first gate had fallen by evening, and the second soon after.

Throughout the night U. S. Marines and soldiers stood off attacks by the Mexicans. Toward dawn the enemy counterattacks became more and more sporadic. By daybreak of the 14th they had ceased, and in the dawn the Americans could see a white flag hanging limply from the National Palace flagpole. With the Marines in the van, the Americans marched through the streets that Cortez had trod 300 years before when they captured the city from Montezuma.

The Marines had suffered seven killed and 24 wounded. In his report to Washington, Gen. Scott

"I placed the Marines where the hardest work was to be accomplished, and I never once found my confidence in them misplaced."

BY SGT. EDWARD J. EVANS

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THE LEATHERNECK, SEPTEMBER, 1947

VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 9

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ANNIVERSARY

by Sgt. Vernon A. Langille

HE nation this month will take time out from arduous affairs of state and domestic cares to look back over affairs of state and domestic cares to look back over affairs of state and domestic cares to look back over affairs of state and domestic cares to look back over affairs of state and domestic cares to look back over affairs of state and pay tribute to the men and machines that brought it victory in World to the men and machines that brought it will be a state of the men and machines that the mightiest struggle of all time.

nd bombs escorted Old Bory into apan itself

ANNIVERSARY REVIEW (cont.)

The occasion is the second anniversary of V-J Day which will be officially observed on September 2. Thousands of local posts representing well-known veterans' organizations, such as the Marine Corps League, American Veterans' Committee and the American Veterans of World War II, will celebrate the big day with rallies, speech-making and parades. The national observance will be pointed up by the reenactment at Norfolk of the Japanese surrender ceremony which took place aboard the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay just two years before.

Missouri in Tokyo Bay just two years before.

As the brass and braid troop aboard the "Mighty Mo," among them some of the dignitaries who were present at the surrender party, movie cameras will record the anniversary doings. Radio commentators will put it over the regular air waves, and brandnew television will carry it to those fortunate enough to have a set. The 11 Japanese who made up the original enemy delegation in September of 1945 will be unavoidably detained elsewhere.

The VFW, sponsors of the "surrender" aboard the "Mo," have made the ceremony an annual affair with this in view:

"To remind the world WHAT happened so that IT won't happen again."

But the millions of veterans who were optimistic in war and have twice within our own time refused to accept defeat, are not so optimistic in peace. Many of them feel that what they fought for has, at the very least, not been fully attained.

Cord Meyer, Jr., a former Marine who served as an aide to Harold Stassen at the San Francisco peace conference, has written a realistic magazine summary of world affairs in the second postwar year. He labels competitive arming as the almost inevitable route to another war and says he sees in President Truman's request for an \$11,000,000,000 military appropriation a national cognizance of our need for rearmanent. Russia's leaders are known to have told their people "it is necessary to be constantly vigilant, to protect as the apple of one's eye the armed force and defensive power of our country."

Decentralization of cities and the use of caves

Decentralization of cities and the use of caves have become an Atomic Age possibility. As the late W. C. Fields once said, to side-step a ticklish point in speculatory conversation: "On the whole I'd rather be in Philadelphia." So might Philadelphians on the whole prefer to be in Podunk County, Ia., should there be an atomic-powered World War III.

No single force or event in human history, natural or man-made, has left a scar slower to heal than has the recent war. First-rate world powers have been reduced to pauperized states, and secondary nations have become helpless applicants for charity. Even the victorious nations, excepting the United States, have had reason to be concerned over the irreplaceable drain on resources. The destinies of 70 nations and more than two billion people were affected. It has been estimated that one in every 20 persons on earth was involved in this struggle for survival. Twenty million people lost their lives, and 30 million more were made homeless. A cool trillion dollars was funneled at the rate of millions a day to keep machines of destruction going. The money spent would have been ample to purchase freedom for every man, woman and child in the world. Each could have had a new house. Every eligible child could have been sent to high school and college, scott free, with a state donation as a nest egg to boot. This is what it cost to maintain the armies and navies of World War II, whose par-ticipants, if lined up for combat, would have reached four times around the earth in continuous procession.

The two most hectic moments in any war are its

beginning and its end. But between these high points fall the anticlimactic events, the heroic struggles and the ebb and flow of human misery which marks most every battle and bombing raid. World War II opened with cataclysmic swiftness in the early dawn of September 1, 1939, when Germany, with the pledged aid of her Axis partners, Italy, Japan, and five satelite nations, blitzkrieged helpless Poland. It came to a close five years and one day later after an eight-day succession of events featuring two appearances of the atomic bomb.

The attack on Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941, and simultaneous entry of the United States into the war; the falling by the way of Italy on September 8, 1943, and the unconditional surrender of Germany on May 7, 1945, are the intermediate top spots of the picture. They served to end the Axis dream of world conquest.

world conquest.

Although World War II was fought in vastly separated theatres set almost opposite each other on the globe, one dominated by enemy Germany and the other by enemy Japan, reduction of the U.S. to a state of political and economic servitude was the aim of both. Captured war documents reveal that the fall was to be brought about in well-timed German-Japanese attacks simultaneously aimed at our east and west coasts. When such separated cities as New York and San Francisco were undergoing bombings, the Germans would establish a foothold in South America by staging an invasion from Dakar in Africa. Thus committed to a three-front war and with her allies by that time powerless, democracy would go down, sounding "the death rattle of a worn-out system." But the factor upon which the whole plan hinged, destruction of the American and British fleets by U-boat war-fare, never became a reality.

fare, never became a reality.

While the victory of totalitarianism over representative government was originally intended to be a cooperative enterprise between Germany and Italy, Japan could not control her ambitious greed for power in the Pacific. And after Pearl Harbor she waged a war peculiarly her own with little regard to any desires on the part of Berlin. Securing the Greater Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere could be made easier and faster in time of war. Japan was quick to see that. She had been in on the testing of a world's war patience since the very beginning of the totalitarian-born aggression philosophy. Her trial balloon had been sent up in Manchuria where she provoked the "Mukden Incident" on September 18, 1931. Later she took over out of "self defense."

Hitler satisfied himself as to the relative safety of 20th Century land-grabbing by defying the Versailles Treaty, Locarno Pact and the League of Nations with reoccupation of the Rhineland, annexation of Austria, occupation of the Sudetenland in Czechoslovakia and the invasion of Poland. Italy, in her miserable role of emulating the Roman conquerors, did her experimental snatching in poor, backward Ethiopia.

In the eight months which had transpired between the Pearl Harbor attack and the Marine Corps' invasion of Guadalcanal, war swept through the Pacific like a typhoon. In the first 90 days, the Japanese had undisputed control of the South China Sea, the Sula Sea, the Celebes Sea, the Java Sea, the Flores Sea, the Banda Sea and the Arafura Sea.

Beginning with the mandated islands, which had been stripped from Germany after World War I and given to her under the Versailles Treaty, she quickly gobbled up every appreciable island and land mass which fitted into her scheme. Her conquests stretched from Singapore in the east to the Gilberts in the west; from Attu in the north to the Solomons in the south. All these were woven to-

gether into an intricate web of mutually supporting fortresses, linked by air and sea. When the initiative was wrested from them and their position suddenly became a defensive one, the Japs were already advantageously poised to strike Australia.

But in spite of an elaborate defense system, 15 years in the making, Japan seemed to lack any immediate plans for forcing a quick surrender upon her newly-acquired giant opponent. A clearcut decision in any war can be won only by destroying the enemy's capability to fight by actual invasion or breaking its will to continue. These well-tested theorems seemed to have been alien to the Japanese military mind. Plans for a Japanese landing in the Hawaiin Islands soon after Pearl Harbor had to be called off because it was doubted whether the troops and transport could be amassed at a given place and at a given time in sufficient numbers to make such an attack feasible. Invasion of the United States would have been logistically fantastic, if such lack of preparation continued, as it did, to be the norm.

In most wars the political aim of the conqueror is to weaken the conquered country without rendering it a helplessly dependent burden to be assumed when hostilities are over. The Japanese themselves had this in mind when they took Manchuria from the Russians in 1904 by making it too costly for the Czar to continue the fight. While the American aims were similarly political and limited, we were forced eventually to engage in an unlimited war in which the social order of the enemy had to be impaired. The Axis, on the other hand, was committed to a war of extermination. The perfect exterminatory war had not been achieved since the Jewish prophet, Samuel, wiped out the Amalekites. In modern times,

Photos by
Official U. S. Marine Corps
and Navy Photographers



When the war against the Japanese turned into an offensive one for the U. S., Marines made their initial assault against Guadalcanal

and planted the Stars and Stripes there. Henderson field started an unbroken march across the Pacific for the banner of this nation



The second major step in the muddy jungle path through the South Pacific was Bougainville. Heavy rains helped the Nips



The table-top openness of Tarawa, first atoll to receive an American assault, caused tragic losses that shocked the nation

The winning of the peace is going too slowly for many a veteran of the war



By New Britain time the art of amphibious war was battle-tried and highly efficient. LSTs line the Cape Gloucester beaches



There had yet been no formal flag-raising, but Old Glory was firmly established on wrecked Namur in the Kwajalein atoll



Saipan brought a new kind of fighting to the Marines. The wrecked town of Garapan made it a house-to-house advance



Another factor of war was introduced on Saipan — the need for the caring of civilians made homeless by the fighting

Razzle-dazzle tactics brought the U.S. suddenly to the



On Guam, whose turn was next on the U.S. timetable, a new, wartime generation of Marines took back Orote peninsula where the old Marine

Barracks still remained, now turned to rubble by the intense naval bombardment. These frame buildings were a part of the establishment

complete exterminatory warfare would leave the victor with nothing more to be won than fields of corpses and cities filled with rubble.

Either the Germans and the Japanese did not realize the unproductiveness of their momentous undertaking, or didn't care.

Several other faulty judgments in military reasoning directly contributed to Japan's downfall. The that a son of Nippon with a Samurai sword could whip 10 Americans armed with carbines or rifles was the most preposterous of these. A total lack of coordination among the various arms, and breakdown, if not complete absence of communi-cations, was a common battlefield shortcoming. Japan failed to realize that the islands which she had so meticulously fortified were mutually support-ing only so long as the Imperial fleet reigned supreme over some 60,000,000 square miles of Pacific Ocean. This in turn meant that her air force had to maintain superiority to give cover to the fleet. Neither of these objectives was achieved. Beginning with the defeat in the Battle of the Coral Sea and continuing on through the Battle for Leyte Gulf, the Japanese were reminded time after time that they could not move with impunity large forces at sea without the benefit of factors which make up control of the sea. New American warships, fresh off the ways, chewed up the Emperor's proud armada. Growing American airpower stripped the majestic Japanese carriers of their planes and rendered them useless. In the end, as was the case at Surigao Straight, they served only as a decoy to lure a portion of our powerful flotilla. It was discovered that the carrier force which Admiral Halsey's swift Third Fleet took after had only an inadequate air cover of about 20 planes left.

Underrating their enemy was with the Japanese an often indulged-in philosophical extravagance. War is built on two basic elements. These are united by a third. First is the political element, which involves the governments of the contesting parties, their war policies, and their resources. The potential capabilities of a country to produce is part of its resources. The Japanese destroyed the major part



The Marines who landed on Guam's Asan beaches move up past the Stars and Stripes after wiping out the first Japanese opposition. Guam's capture ended the Marianas phase of the war

crucial Marianas

of our outmoded fleet at Pearl Harbor and brought down our last two wornout P-40s in the Philippines. Exactly two and a half years later, 20,000 American airmen flying American-built planes rocketed across the English channel in a Zero-hour D-Day mission that marked the beginning of the end for Japan's one remaining Axis partner in Europe.

The most modern and powerful navy the world had ever seen had been built by American industry while the country waged a two-front war and supplied half a dozen other allied nations with munitions and arms. While the American flotilla expanded to cover two oceans, the Japanese frittered away, in piecemeal commitments, their total air and sea power.

The second element is the tactical, which includes the mechanism for combat. The uniting factor is strategy, which considers the respective situations of the two parties and the best means of employing tactics to accomplish the desired purpose. Although strategy may change each time a step or phase is accomplished, the general Marine, Army and Navy offensive in the Pacific boiled down to a two-pronged push directed at the enemy's home islands. One curved through the South Pacific into the Philippines; the other stabbed straight through the Central Pacific to Okinawa.

Amphibious warfare, in which the Japanese were supposed to be masters, and with which the Marine Corps hoped to stop the Jap offensive, had had in earlier wars a long history of many failures and few successes. A bastard operation at best, falling completely under neither military nor naval headings, tacticians had looked upon it with distrust ever since the time of the Romans. The British debacle at Gallipoli in 1916 served to increase this distrust. From our present position as the amphibious tactical experts, it is easy to look back and see where the knowledge we now have could have substantially altered the pages of history. Neither Napoleon nor Hitler could figure out a successful way to invade England. If they had, the course of events would no doubt have been different. Admiral Dewey once remarked to Congress that if he had had an amphibious landing force at Manila he could have prevented the whole painful Philippines insurrection.



Cave-entrenched Japs made Peleliu one of the bloodiest of Pacific islands. Here Marines, supported by tanks, attack enemy nests in a draw. A shell has just struck at the left

ANNIVERSARY REVIEW (cont.)

By the same token if the Japanese had further developed their amphibious tactics and followed through after Pearl Harbor, the United States might have been engaged on its own Pacific coast.

Conquest of the island-studded Pacific can be roughly divided into five phases. The first concerned the drive through the Solomons, beginning with the taking of Guadalcanal. Because this operation was moved ahead on the invasion timetable to exploit gains made at Midway and in the Coral Sea, the planning that went into it was foreshortened. There was not time for the priority loading of ships which particularly enhances the speed with which a beach head can be firmly established. The highly specialized amphibious craft and vehicles making their appearance later in the war were lacking. But in spite of its shortcomings, our first campaign paid dividends far outweighing the calculated risk involved. It interrupted eight months of hectic, unhampered Japanese expansion which if left unchecked would have put the enemy in possession of the Allied bases at Port Moresby and New Caledonia. It would have given him time to complete the isolation of two valuable staging areas, Australia and New Zealand. The primary material value of the 'Canal campaign was acquisition of an advanced base and accompanying airfield from which to strike deeper into enemy defenses.

Psychologically, it set the tenor for many battles to come. More than anything else, it was the crucible for our courage. The Jap was discovered to be something less than the battlefield superman which the home-front magazines and newspapers had made him out to be. He was found to be sadly lacking in the knowledge of some of the finer points of warfare.

Following up their initial success at Guadalcanal, Marine forces moved through Bougainville and New Britain, securing the South Pacific against the Jap fleet and neutralizing air forces based on Rabaul. Cape Gloucester, a short jump across the Huon Peninsula from Finschhaven in New Guinea, had been a staging area for Jap replacements landing on Rabaul. These troops could be easily transported across the narrow strait to Japanese positions standing directly in the path of General MacArthur's southern Pacific advance. Aside from removing the threat to MacArthur's flank when he moved up to secure Hollandia, completion of the Solomons phase of the war made it plain to the Japanese that their most powerful naval-air fortress, Rabaul, was in the process of being encircled and reduced to impotency.

Invasion of Tarawa in the Gilberts; Kwajalein, in the backyard of the Marshall Islands, and Eniwetok, constituted the second phase and sent the Marine-driven central prong into the vitals of Japan's vast island empire. While Rabaul was kept under control by Solomons-based planes, the invasion finger — so far as the Japanese could figure it out — would sooner or later point to their naval bastion, Truk. This highly-touted, much-overrated base was compared to Gibralter by the American press, which had not seen behind the silken curtain since the Marshalls, Carolines and Marianas had been mandated to the Japanese in the Twenties.

The taking of Tarawa in the Gilberts, a string of atolls straddling the Equator, became the first move in this direction. But the Japanese, stubborn and persistent in their application of set strategic methods, were soon to learn of the advantages which elasticity gave to the American command. Secured air bases in the Marshalls brought the "invulnerable" Truk within bomber range and it was decided, after serious consideration, to by-pass this pinnacled, reef-ridden stronghold. Out of that decision was definitely developed a new strategy, first tried in the South Pacific with the by-passing hop to Vella Lavella. Island-stepping became island-hopping.

The Japanese had been certain, up to Tarawa, that our pattern of invasion would follow a slow, grinding island-to-island series of campaigns. From this they obtained a feeling of security behind their fine mesh of closely-knit defense lines. The 4000 so-called Imperial Marines defending Tarawa, for example, were told by their commander that a million men could not take Betio by assault in a 100 years. It fell in three days.

By selecting only one or two strategically-located islands out of each archipelago, the whole Pacific war was stepped up. As each new objective was taken and hermetically sealed by the growing naval power of the U. S., it became a new advanced base from which to stage future operations. Surrounding points of opposition were by-passed and neutralized while



The landing on ashy, coverless two Jima was made under the high-placed guns of Suribachiyama and Motoyama on either side of the beaches. This is what the Japs could see from Suribachi



From the grey-pillbox-infested barrens of southern two the Marines moved into the rocky and ravined plateau called Motoyama in the north. This Marine is dodging the blasting of a cavern



Lieutenant Colonel Chandler Johnston, CO of the 28th, calls off the naval bombardment preparatory to the ascension of Mt. Suribachi by

Easy Company's third platoon. Without knowing what was awaiting them, men of the platoon then started up. Colonel Johnston was later killed

the softening up of the islands farther afield went on relentlessly. This presented a terrible problem for the Japanese. The daring, completely successful jump to Kwajalein and then to Eniwetok, and the raids of our far-ranging, island-battering Third and Fifth fleets, constituted a razzle-dazzle technique that had the forces of Hirohito dizzy. They could never be certain where we would land next; whether a sea and airborne bombardment heralded another invasion or was merely harrassment. So when we made our sudden long reach into the Marianas, the islands of Saipan and Guam were not as nearly prepared for it as they might have been. Jap defenses had been forced to spread out.

This phase, considered a rash one by many military minds because of the ominous presence of Japheld Truk, offered certain undeniable advantages. Truk could be cut off irrevocably if the campaign was successful. We could establish ourselves firmly within what the Japanese considered their intermediate defenses, and we would be within heavy bomber range of Tokyo itself. Saipan had long been the Japanese staging point for this intermediate line. Troops drawn from the homeland, and from Manchuria and China, were shunted through there to other bases. Saipan was second in importance only to Guam, southernmost anchor of the Marianas group and the largest piece of Jap real estate between the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines.

Peleliu, in the Palau Islands, became an offshoot

Peleliu, in the Palau Islands, became an offshoot of the Marianas campaign. What its seizure achieved may not be immediately apparent to the lay observer. Peleliu had long been regarded as the gateway to the Philippines. Because the Japs thought Gen. MacArthur's offensive would outrun the central prong, it had been given priority in materials and armament over the Marianas. The liquidation of the Palaus removed the last remaining threat facing MacArthur in his run for the Philippines. Its conquest filled the last gap in the strangling encirclement of the Central Pacific.

For purposes of this account, Iwo Jima made up the fourth phase, and Okinawa the fifth and last step in the Marines' land fighting. To the air war against the Jap home islands, Iwo was an extension of the facilities provided by the capture of Saipan and Guam. But on this aptly-named volcanic island the Marines ran into the toughest, most unusual type of entrenchment with which they had yet been confronted. Iwo was completely open and for the first time the Marines, three divisions of them, fought like a large army. Okinawa, a good jumping-off place for an invasion of the Jap homeland, was nearly as open and much larger. Its ridged southern end, where the cave-fighting Japs chose to make their stand, was as bloody as Peleliu had been.

But the Japs knew that after the Marianas, we were certain to hit Okinawa and probably Iwo. The best type of Jap soldier was found waiting for us, and the Jap command itself was immeasurably improved. The useless Banzai was no longer used. Squeezed up now against the very shores of Japan, the Nips fought with the coolness of excellently-disciplined troops, employed their artillery with the greatest effectiveness they had yet shown, and called in their air force in a final, suicidal rush of kamikaze raids.

The bombing of Japan from the Marianas alone proved a costly task. Huge fuel loads were required to carry a plane to its target and back. Bomb loads were therefore uncontrollably reduced. Iwo Jima lay directly along the flight route and a ready force of enemy planes was kept handy to rise from the island's two airfields and attack the slower cripples. Through a system of warnings relayed out of Pagan and Iwo, the Japanese homeland was kept posted on bombing raids. A hot reception was ready by the time our B-29's reached the hostile coast. The securing of Iwo, approximately 660 nautical miles from Tokyo, made it possible for fighter planes to escort the bombers on their missions. Bomb weight replaced gasoline tonnage, and wholesale destruction in the home islands was stepped up.

All through the Pacific campaigns the Marines

Picture Sequence by Louis Lowery

Leatherneck Photographic Director

fought brilliantly and stubbornly and not once were they repulsed in a landing. They fought in jungles and against caves and across sandy wastes, but perhaps the most unique and possibly the most spectacular of their battlegrounds was Mount Suribachi, the tall extinct volcano flanking the landing beaches of Iwo Jima.

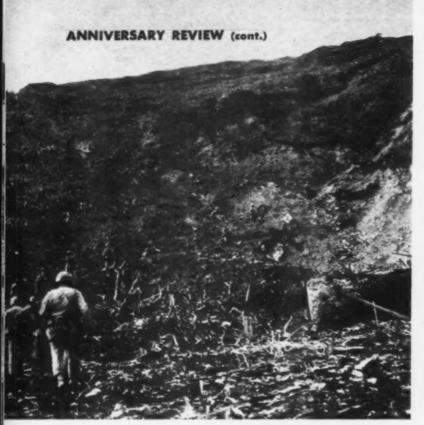
The task of taking Suribachi was allotted the 28th Regiment, which was part of the Fifth Division. The raising of Old Glory atop Suribachi on the fifth day of fighting was one of the highlights of the whole Pacific war. News of it flashed across the United States, breaking into the accounts of heavy casualties. To the U. S. news-reading public, Iwo then seemed right under the peak of Japan's sacred Fujiyama. Americans at home were watching the crucial fight with almost bated breath. Aboard the warships off Iwo's smoking shores, and on the transports bearing the waiting reserves, the rasping PA appropriement of the cartures brought cheere.

announcement of the capture brought cheers.

Once the 28th had moved to its base, Suribachi fell swiftly. One platoon, accompanied by Staff Sergeant Louis Lowery, a Leatherneck photographer, made the perilous ascent when no one knew what awaited them on the steep, rocky sides of the mountain. Lowery got pictures of the entire climb and was on hand when the flag was raised at the top. About four hours later, when the original flag was replaced by a larger one, Joe Rosenthal of the Associated Press obtained his celebrated photo. The bigger second flag was put up at a more prominent point on the mountain top where it could better be seen by Marines advancing to the north.

The series of pictures taken of the ascent by Lowery starts here and continues on the following pages, accompanied by a story written by Bill Miller, a Leatherneck correspondent who, with Lowery, was assigned to the Fifth division for the Iwo operation. Miller and Lowery are back in civilian life, Miller as editor and manager of The Logan Daily News in Ohio, Lowery as photographic director of The Leatherneck.

In most conflicts, the climax comes when the opposing party has been convinced that the evils of continuing the fight are far worse than those of giving up. This, in the case of the Japanese, was



The platoon takes off up the side of the mountain, cutting right to avoid a Jap-made path which is obviously well mined



Fearing the patrol might not reach the summit, Photographer Lowery asks the others to hold the flag up for this picture

The whine of snipers' bullets

by Bill Miller

HIS is the story of the 3rd Platoon of Easy Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-eighth Marines, and how it raised the colors on Suribachiyama, the grim, strange volcano fortress that frowned in deadly menace over Iwo Jima's ashy battleground. The 3rd Platoon didn't do it all alone, and those very few of its members who survive would be the last to say it did.

When the assault regiments of the Fourth and Fifth Divisions hit the beaches of Iwo, all but the Twenty-eighth swung right to take the major part of the island. The Twenty-eighth turned left to attack the mountain and still its guns. This story starts as dusk fell on the night of D-plus-One. The whole Marine line facing Suribachi was still out in the open and the Japs on the high slopes were looking down their throats.

It made the Marines jittery to know that their every move was being watched from above. They couldn't see quite well enough for accurate rifle fire, but machine gunners exchanged harassing bursts as the Japs prepared their positions in the belt of shrubbery ahead and higher up the sides of the old volcano. A destroyer pulled close in to shore and did a beautiful job of bombarding the, crater's snarling lip.

First Lieutenant John K. Wells of Lake View, Tex., the platoon leader, ordered his men to clean their weapons, three at a time. Then he and little Jim "Chicken" Robeson, a 16-year-old Chewelah, Washington lad, and Ed Christian, a deeply tanned Californian, went out to string wire 50 yards ahead of the Marine lines. The Jap positions were 50 yards beyond that. William (Jawbone) McNulty from Stillwater, Minn., and Clarence Hipps, Brownwood, Tex., set up trip flares. Donald Ruhl, a rawboned, reckless Montana rancher, and Corporal Everett Lavell, Bellingham, Wash., were over on the right flank, in a deserted Jap coastal gun pit of concrete and concrete-filled oil drums.

That gun pit had been a great menace for two days, and the company on the right had had seven

men, killed, trying to take it. The Japs had it covered with mortars from the volcano.

Ruhl and Old Man Lavelle had scouted it out that day. They had found a cave leading out from the back of the pit toward the mountain. Tex sent back for demolitions to blow the cave, but before they arrived Ruhl managed to crawl the full length of the dark tunnel by himself and came back to report there were no Japs in it.

He and Lavelle had orders that night to shoot anyone who tried to jump in with them. Somebody tried it — somebody who turned out the next morning to the somebody who turned out the next morning to the somebody.

ing to be a very dead Jap.

All the men were tense. They weren't hungry, but they started asking for food and water. Tex and the platoon sergeant, Ernest Thomas, passed out what they had, and it helped to get through the hours. Actually, everyone ate little and drank little for the first three days of the battle.

Then the Japs, with their bent for breaking monotony, threw down a mortar barrage. It seemed to come spewing right out of the volcano's mouth. Tex thought it was getting his men. Actually, it did nothing more than bury them deeper in volcanic

That silly "knock-knock, who's there" game made the rounds about that time. The lieutenant and his men played it to assure each other they weren't afraid.

"Come in or stay to hell out," they yelled at mortar shells splattering around their foxholes. After the shelling, a little machine gunner in Item Company climbed out of his hole and shook off the

"How do you suppose your dancin' girl is doing about now?"

"I don't rightly know," Wells said, "but by God she better be thinking of me."

Darkness fell and the men stretched out on their ponchos. Nobody slept. They just lay there at the ready, watching the greenish glare of flares creasing the wrinkled face of Suribachi.

The Japs were out bright and early on D-plus-Two, swarming like bees around their caves and trenches at the foot of the mountain. The Marines could see them moving along the trenches, a whole squad or gun crew at a time, each man stooped over running like hell and holding on to the belt of the man in front of him.

Before jumping off, Tex asked for support. The tanks which were back refueling couldn't make it, but air promised a strike on call. Not many Japs earned the Purple Heart in that strike. It hit high up the side of the mountain. The Japs by then had moved farther down.

From where it was lined up for the assault, the platoon had to cross a wide open spot and get through its own wire. Tex ordered the right flank up on the abandoned gun emplacement to cover the attack. Eddie Romero, an ex-paratrooper from Chicago, was downed by rifle fire, and Robert Blevins of Galesburg, Ill., took a mortar hit. Clifford Langley, a slow, imperturbable Missourian who seemed especially cut out for the job of corpsman, hurried out to give a hand. A second mortar shell exploded in the midst of them. Romero was killed, but Blevins and Langley survived.

The platoon rushed the Jap line before the enemy had a chance to get set. Ruhl and his buddy, Sergeant Henry Hansen of Somerville, Mass., whom everybody called the "Count" (he was a suave lad with a good education) took rifles and grenades and ran up to the top of a pillbox. A grenade fell between them. Ruhl, who sincerely believed that the whole world was stark raving mad, covered it with his body. Hansen picked him up, looking at Tex who was crouching close to the pillbox. Tex shook his bedy and Honsen leid him down again.

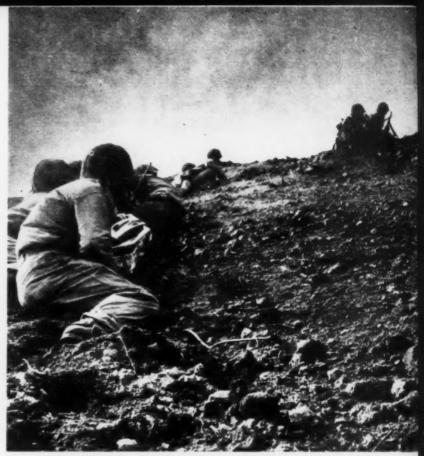
who was crouching close to the philos. Lex most his head and Hansen laid him down again.

The Japs were now throwing everything they had at the Marines — big spigot mortars, knee mortars, grenades, Nambu and rifle fire. It all seemed to come at once. Corporal Harold Keller of Brooklyn, Ia., moved in beside the pillboxes with Platoon Sergeant Thomas and the demolitions men, Jawbone and Hipps. The same little gunner from I Company appeared on the scene, bringing his gun with him.

Mortars were closing in on the reserve squad. Tex sent Sergeant Howard Snyder and his men on in to take a pillbox about 20 yards inside the Jap lines, in open sand. Snyder was a former Raider, from Huntington Park, Cal., a cool little man who learned to kill Japs in the jungles. He moved up, threw grenades into the pillbox and sent Louie



Approaching the top of the mountain leaders of the platoon patrol move more slowly, preparing for possible Jap action



Stretcher-bearers in the left foreground make small targets of themselves, watching the leaders reconnoitre at the crest

comprised the only opposition

Adrian, the Indian from Wellpinit, Wash., to fire his BAR at the Japs from a Nambu nest on top.

Adrian, a quiet, handsome lad, stood straight up and fired pointblank into the Japs. They were running in all directions, trying to dodge his fire. Snyder, on his fifth operation now, was kneeling beside Adrian on the pillbox, smoking a cigaret and throwing grenades. He and Keller tossed so many grenades that morning they got blisters on their fingers.

The Indian was shot through the heart as he fired. He was dead before he hit the ground, his BAR still chugging. Leo Rozek, the big PFC from Muskegon, Mich., jumped up in his place and kept shooting directly into the Japs with his BAR. Then the little machine gunner from I Company moved in on top of the same pillbox.

in on top of the same pillbox.

The lieutenant, lying beside the pillbox now, giving a casualty report to Captain Dave Severance, Easy Company's CO, sent three men back to get more grenades. Two of them, Edward Krisik of Milwaukee, Wis., and Wayne Hathaway of Eldorado, Kans., were killed. Things were going badly. An amtrack trying to get in to the platoon had taken a direct hit. The CP absorbed the full blast of a mortar shell which wounded Tex, Dick White, Robert Lane and Bill Wayné. After hanging around until the morphine was making him groggy, Tex finally was persuaded by a corpsman to get out of the area. He went reluctantly, his buttocks filled with mortar fragments.

with mortar fragments.

That afternoon Sgt. Thomas led the platoon in a drive with the rest of Easy Company to the base of Suribachi. They were first there and set fire to a huge coastal defense gun, the kind which the Jap defenders held back as a surprise all during the early landing preparations until D-minus-Two.

At the base of the mountain, the 3rd Platoon sliced off to the left around Suribachi's shoulder, neutralizing enemy positions as it went. Nightfall caught it 500 yards on around the base of the mountain. There, by-passed enemy strongpoints cut them off and prevented the evacuation of casualties. Later they regained contact with other units of the 2nd Battalion and wiped out the last remaining pockets of enemy resistance.

In the meantime a patrol had reached the southern tip of the island, on the other side of Suribachi, and there, working through the soaking rain of D-plus-Three, had made contact with the Marines who had come around the other side. The latter had pushed through a Japanese bivouac area on the west coast. Hundreds of Nips were bottled up in caves which honeycombed the slopes.

Early on the morning of D-plus-Four Sherman Watson led a four-man patrol from Fox Company up the precipitous side of the mountain. With him were George Mercer, Ted White and Louie Charlo, an Indian. They went almost to the top and got back to report that the Japs were still holed up. American guns had scoured the slopes with creeping barrages.

The stage was set for the ascent and subsequent flag-raising on the top of the mountain, an event which so heartened the Marines on Iwo, the Navy offshore and the people at home. Lieutenant Harold Schrier, executive officer of Easy Company, was ordered to bring the 3rd Platoon back around to the north side of Suribachi. Here Lieutenant Colonel Chandler Johnston, CO of the 2nd Battalion, gave them the flag. It was the ship's flag of the USS Missoula, an attack transport that had carried the 2nd to its staging area at Saipan. The battalion adjutant had carried it onto Iwo in his map case.

Forty men gathered around the CP to hear Col. Johnston give them instructions. If they reached the top and secured it, he said, they were to call down to him and raise the flag. If they didn't make it? This wasn't discussed. No one knew how many Japs had dug into the mountain and were waiting, still alive.

The patrol shoved off in column of files through the debris of the fighting and past gun pits that were grim with the mangled remains of the enemy dead. In places, the ascent became so difficult that the entire patrol had to go down on hands and knees to continue the climb. They picked their own way, avoiding a winding trail leading up the mountainside. It was mined. At a steep defile flankers were sent out to protect the main body against ambush.

But save for the occasional whine of a sniper's bullet there was no resistance on the way up. The platoon climbed slowly and cautiously, taking frequent breathers, and reached a spot near the rim of the crater. Then it spread out in a semicircle around the ugly edge of the extinct lava pit, every man on his stomach. On a signal from Lieutenant Schrier they charged over the rim and circled the ridge. In that fraction of a minute Suribachi fell to the Marines.

One of the men found a piece of pipe on which he fastened the flag. Sergeant Lowery of Leatherneck, who took the pictures on these pages, begged for a little time to put new film in his camera. He had been shooting pictures steadily all the way up. The flag-raisers griped at the delay, but they waited. Lowery got his flag-raising picture.

This action photograph of Lowery's, taken in the heat of battle with the haste that whistling shots from the enemy makes necessary, caught the flag just as it reached the upright position. Among those it shows are Schrier, Thomas, Hansen, Lindberg and Michaels. Little Robeson, over covering a cave, refused to be included.

"Hollywood Marines," he snorted, and waited intently for a chance to catch any Jap who might try to register his objections to the flag raising.

Chicken didn't have long to wait. The ceremony enraged some of the diehard Jap garrison into pitching grenades at the flag party. Their commanding officer went farther. He charged, brandishing a Samurai sword. Snowjob Garrett shot him down.

Shortly after he had gotten his pictures Lowery nearly met disaster. A Jap pitched a grenade at him and he was forced to jump down the side of the mountain. He had plunged and rolled down 50 feet before he could catch himself on a bush.

That night the platoon watched a great show from its vantage point. The next morning Lieutenant Wells came ashore against the advice of a Navy doctor and rejoined what remained of his platoon. Lindberg and Robert Good met him at the base of the mountain and carried him to the top. Far to the north they could see the flash and dust of battle and few realized what it held for them.

When the 3rd Platoon had laid down its weapons at the end of the bitter Iwo campaign not one of all the men who had come ashore on D-Day was with it. Keller and Michaels were the only ones who had not been hit, but they had been transferred to another platoon. The rest were replacements.

Meeting no opposition, the patrol leaders go over the top of Suribachi ready to open fire on the instant a Jap is spotted



Forming a skirmisher's line, deployed to cover every avenue of counter-attack, the Marines crawl toward the crater's lip



An old piece of piping served as the first flag pole



Caves could be seen within the cold bowels of the long-dead volcano, but these three Marines could find no enemy activity



When the word was passed to raise the Stars and Stripes men spread out to look for something that would serve as a pole

Lieut. Harold Schrier, Ernest Thomas, Henry Hansen and Charles W. Lindberg, left to right, rig a halyard to an old piece of pipe

Taking the best possible cover the Marines attach the flag to its pole down the mountain side, ready to carry it to the top





on Iwo Jima

The historic picture by Joe Rosenthal was really of the second flag-raising



The first flag-raising. Left to right are: Hansen, Thomas, who is seated, Schrier, James Michaels, and Lindberg behind him



As the fleet offshore announced the event the patrol went on with the fighting, moving out to meet grenade-throwing Japs

The atomic bombs of Hiroshima and Nagasaki brought a sudden end to our mounting invasions

doubly difficult to accept. It conflicted with their militaristic code which told them that they were supermen, favored by divine guidance. To surrender would breach an old Japanese fetichism — the disgrace of losing face.

Okinawa occupies a singular place in the Pacific war because it prepared the psychological background upon which we projected an unconditional

Fighting over the rugged terrain of that island was where we first observed success in forcing the opinion upon the Japanese soldier that to further resist would gain him nothing. His best prepared defenses cracked before our invading force. There had to be an end somewhere to this terrific waste of life. It was in this frenzied frame of mind that the Japanese Empire took two atomic bombs and promptly surrendered. But it was not surrender to man. It was rationalized to mean surrender to nature and the Gods.

The first atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. The battle of Okinawa was over and a hectic week of dramatic developments in Japan immediately followed. Three days later, a second A bomb hit Nagasaki, site of a major naval base and eleventh largest city in Japan. It was virtually wiped off the Earth. Between the two bombings, Russia had declared war on her traditional enemy, and her mighty army was rolling across Manchuria.

It was a sadly disillusioned Japanese surrender delegation that trooped aboard the USS Missouri. Two of them scratched their names across a historic piece of parchment and quickly left.

The battle of the Pacific was over and the battle of the peace had begun.



On Okinawa, Marines met little resistance in the north. In this picture they burn out a sniper who finally kills himself



Lieutenant Colonel R. P. Ross Jr. plants the U. S. flag on one of the remaining ramparts of Okinawa's old Shuri castle



Journey's end. Up goes Old Glory near Sasebo, Japan, down comes the flag of truce under the knife of PFC Clyde Cooksey



FOOTBALL FORECAST

The veterans will be back this month for another wild and woolly season on the gridirons of the nation

Johnny August, one of Alabama's better backs, with Marines in the Mariannas Islands

> by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen Leatherneck Staff Writer

HE great wave of returning war veterans, who were the unknown quantity in football last year, produced more upsets and sudden reversals of form than has been seen since Princeton and Rutgers initiated the game in 1867. It was the most unpredictable campaign in the game's history. Beginning with the first week of actual play, upsets were the rule rather than the exception.

Indiana had steered an unbeaten course through the tough Big Nine in 1945 to win its first conference championship in history. In their first 1946 appearance the Hoosiers were tromped on by a minor-league Cincinnati University, 15 to 6. Experts said that the University of Pennsylvania would be one of the powerhouses of eastern football, but when it met a once-tied and once-beaten Princeton eleven, it took a 17 to 14 trimming. Deep in the heart of Texas, Dana X. Bible's University of Texas, which had soundly thumped every team on its schedule before taking on once-beaten Rice, was topped, 18 to 13, by Coach Jess Neely's heedless underdogs.

The 1945 Southeastern Conference champion and Rose Bowl victor, Alabama, was generally picked to duplicate its performance in 1946. Fielding a team almost identical to the one that so decisively whipped Southern California in the Bowl, 'Bama wound up with four defeats and placed sixth in the conference standings. The Sugar Bowl champ, Oklahoma A & M, was tripped up in much the same way six times during the 1946 gridiron wars.

Last year was a hard one on the coaches, just as

it was on the sports writing prognosticators. Two shrewd oldsters — Texas' Bible, 55, and Colgate's Andy Kerr, 68 — stepped out for younger men. The College of Pacific, not too tactfully, said that the granddaddy of all coaches, 84-year-old Amos Alonzo Stagg, should quit. Rather than be relegated to the sidelines in a passive role Mr. Football, who had been active in coaching since before the turn of the century, decided to step aside. He took an advisory position with his son at Susquehanna University. Frank Thomas, producer of six post-season bowl

elevens in 16 years at the University of Alabama, gave up active coaching and became athletic direc-tor. Other well known coaches who felt the axe were Oregon's Tex Oliver, California's Frank Wickhorst Maryland's Clark Shaughnessy, and Cornell's Ed McKeever. Shaughnessy's resignation was especially ironic, for it was he who dusted-off the almostforgotten "T" formation and gave it new life at Stanford in 1940. This season almost every major team in the nation will make use of this system on

The unpredictability of play turned in by war veterans in 1946 gave coaches many a sleepless night, but it paid off at the box office. Attendance figures spiralled toward a new high with colleges reporting an average 48 per cent increase over 1945 The University of Michigan topped the count with 513,579 fanatics paying \$1,121,000 to see the Wolverines' home games. It was estimated that bigtime college football drew more than \$22,000,000 last year, not counting the 20 bowl games. Many schools reported their best seasons in history.

With winning football teams paying off in such

With winning football teams paying off in such

huge sums, it was only natural that charges of professionalism were thoroughly aired throughout the country. Many of the big-name players jumped from the institutions in which they were originally enrolled to do their pigskin lugging to other temples of higher learning. Universities affected by these sudden transfers charged that the players switched their loyalties because hard cash was laid on the barrelhead. The most publicized of these cases involved West Point's Shorty McWilliams, who resigned from the Academy and continued his playing career at Mississippi State. It was whispered in certain circles that \$15,000 was tied up in the deal.

Some of the conferences and universities have set up certain strict rules and regulations to govern their athletic programs. In these schools football players are given no special privileges. Athletic scholarships are prohibited; proselyting is forbid-den; extra pay and soft jobs for good college football players are a thing of the past.

Only in the south have the colleges openly admitted that football has become a big business and that the success of the business depends on good football players. As a reward for their efforts on the gridiron, southern players are given a small wage and get their tuition free. This frankness of attitude has caused much concern among other universities where such practices are forbidden.

Football players at the universities where the new purification codes have been invoked, have openly rebelled. Last fall athletes from the University of California requested a "living wage of \$75 per month." In conjunction with this they demanded the outright firing of Coach Frank Wickhorst as a

FOOTBALL FORECAST (cont.)

result of the Golden Bears' worst season in history. Led in their demands by star halfback Ted Kenfield, the team criticized the university's "tightwad" policies, and urged that players be paid for four-hour daily practice drills so that the school could attract topflight material.

The 1946 season was interesting both on and off the playing field.

But what of 1947? Will the veterans improve over last season? Many of them lack the qualities of youth — speed, durability, and consistent form, but they possess other assets equally important. They have the confidence that goes only with maturity, and are more stable in times of stress. Coaches have found that they are not as likely to blow up during crucial moments in the games. They possess a strength and a toughness of spirit not often found among their younger rivals. Many coaches think the fans will see better football this season than during the past ten years.

Army's record during the period 1944-1946 will go down in pigskin history as one of the finest of all times. It has won 27 games, and lost none. It was tied only once. But gone from that squad are the famed touchdown twins, Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard, and seven other regulars. Only two firststringers will greet Coach Earl Blaik this month for opening practice. They are Captain Joe Steffy, guard, and Goble Bryant, tackle. Besides Davis and

Blanchard, two other All-Americans, Hank Fold-berg, end, and Arnold Tucker, quarterback, will be sorely missed. Blaik's job will naturally resolve itself

into one of rebuilding.

Few followers of the great fall sport will ever for-get the Army-Navy game of last year. With one minute to play, Navy's supposedly small-bore team was three yards from one of the biggest upsets in history. As the clock ticked off the final seconds of the game, the big Navy halfback, Lynn Chewning, smacked the center of the line and bounced back a yard. With the seconds dissolving Navy rooters yelled, "take time out! Kill the clock!" But it was too late. The game ended on the four-yard line with the Middies on the short end of a 21 to 18 count. The battle that underdog Navy put up against apparently overwhelming odds made this the most exciting game of the year and one that will live forever in sporting annals.

Unlike Army, which this year seems to lack any real line or backfield strength, Navy expects to have a comparatively strong team. But Annapolis again must look down the muzzle of a loaded schedule that takes it from coast to coast. It will face some of the best teams in the nation. Opening with California, Navy will on consecutive weeks meet Columbia, Duke, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Notre Dame, Georgia Tech, Penn State, and Army, in the annual clash at Philadelphia. This will be a man's size task for Captain Tom Hamilton, the Navy coach who rocked the football world last fall with

his near upset of the great Army machine.

Navy will have some of its older talent back for this season, although there will be 17 players of the varsity squad no longer present, including Chewning, who also resigned last winter. Among the leading veterans returning this year is Dick Scott, captain-elect and brilliant center. Ignored by All-American selectors last fall because of his team's win and loss record. Scott is nevertheless one of the greatest defensive centers ever to play. He will carry Navy's hopes up front. A sure blocker, an inspiring leader and a great team man, Scott will be the key

to solving Navy's problems.

Two veterans tackles will be on hand. They are
Dick Shimshak and Newbold Smith, both of whom are first classmen this fall. Art Markel, first classman, will be a holdover at one of the end positions. Scott Emerson, first classman, will be at one guard post. In the backfield, Reaves Baysinger, a junior or second classman, will handle the quarterback duties; Pete Williams, second classman, will be at left half; Bill Hawkins, third classman, will play fullback, and Al McCully, third classman, will be at right

halfback.

Surprising practically all the experts, Yale recaptured its traditional place as one of the powerhouses in Eastern football. The Eli dropped only one game to cop top place in Ivy League competition. This season they will field a strong backfield, headed by their great Negro halfback, Levi Jackson, third leading ground gainer in the nation. But the line has been practically wrecked by graduation, five of the seven starters needing replacements. One of the

center candidates is Emery Larson, a 23-year-old former Marine lieutenant. His father was the late famous Marine Colonel Swede Larson, one-time Navy coach.

Pennsylvania had an in and out season last fall. It started out like a house afire, knocking off Lafay-ette, Dartmouth, Virginia and Navy in rapid succession. Then Princeton upset the Lion's applecart and Army further dashed their hopes with a 34 to 7 defeat. But Coach George Munger lost only six lettermen and expects to do some upsetting on his own this year. Leading the parade of 27 returning lettermen is the great George Savitsky, 252-pound All-American tackle. A former Marine, too, Savitsky should be at his best this fall. Tony Minisi, the former Navy back, will be on hand again to carry the burden of the attack. He gained 446 yards last season for an average of over five yards per carry. He is also an excellent passer. Other backfield veterans include Carmon Falcone, Bob Deuber, Don Schneider and Bob Evans. Penn is definitely a team to watch as far as the east goes.

It was the University of Georgia all the way in

southern football circles last fall. Led by their star halfback Charley Trippi, winner of the Maxwell tackle selection on Grantland Rice's All-American team. Huffman is a former Marine who won a Letter of Commendation on Saipan. Coach Bob Neyland said that "spring practice was satisfactory up to a certain point, but much remains to be accomplished before we can undertake next fall's schedule, one of the ruggedest in Tennessee's history.'

Louisiana State dropped only one game on their ten-game schedule last fall, that to Georgia Tech 26 to 7. The Tigers will have some of the best backfield and line talent in the country on hand this month. Only two regulars, Guard Fred Hall and Fullback Gene Knight, will be missing. The all-conference quarterback, Y. A. Tittle; Ray Coates, the outstanding blocker at left half; and Dan Sandifer, fleet-footed wingback, are returning for their fourth straight year of play under Coach Bernie Moore. The Tigers will be a definite threat to Georgia's conference supremacy, and their October 4 game may well decide the Southeastern championship.

Alabama has four former Marines who figure prominently in their 1947 football plans. Three of them are Pacific combat veterans - John Staples, letterman guard, who won the Bronze Star on Iwo Jima; Gri Cashio, another guard, who picked up the

Navy's Newbold Smith is the human juggernaut you see making for you

Memorial Award as the outstanding player of 1946, the Bulldogs swept through their has unbeaten season since 1896. They wound up third in the nation. Georgia topped its great play in the Sugar Bowl where it polished of North Carolina, 20 to 10. Coach Wallace Butts has a job cut out for him this fall. His major task is to find a replacement for Trippi. Halfback Rabbit Smith and Fullback Dick McPhee are also lost to Georgia this year. Coach Butts sums up the situation like this:

"We will h n to start the 194 uld improve and be season with, I pretty fair or On the asset side, v have backing by John tion, is as fine a e country. Our first Rauch who quarterbac should be year's, but our reser will be thi

Two of anding backfield candidates are former lettered le e Geri and Eli Maricich. Both and in Geri, Coach Butts has Maricich never played a game of uncovered a Trippi's joined the Corps. He learned the ned at MCAS, Santa Barbara, and football game wi to the Bulldogs by a newspaperwas rec man w the team's games.

Othe watch way down south in Dixie are Tenne puisiana State. The Vols dropped 11 ub that tied Georgia in the men reace and lost to Rice in the Orange these were in the starting lineup. One to replace will be Dick Huffman, the

three battle stars on Eniwetok, va; and Johnny August, letter who served in the Mariannas and , End Dick Gibson, stepped on a maneuvers at Camp Lejeune which rine career.

pass-slinging expert, Harry Gilmer, again, but the new coach, Red Drew, bb cut out for him in keeping 'Bama nation's top teams.

football in the country was played in the season. There is little likelihood of a fall. The country's number one team in from South Bend, Indiana, and the exect Notre Dame to repeat this year. The fallible method of combining the nation's most powerful offense with the most stubborn defense ever seen on any gridiron. In nine games, Coach Frank Leahy's unbeaten but once-tied team avered 441.3 yards per game for a total of 3972. They held their nine opponents to 1275 yards, or an average of 141.7 a game.

Leahy is starting his fifth season as head coach at South Bend. His record to date is 32 victories, three defeats, and four ties. At the close of the 1946 camaign, Army's Earl Blaik, paid this tribute to the

Irish's head man:

"Like Jock Sutherland, Leahy pounds away at fundamentals. But he's also blessed with imagination. He blends power with passes. He's the shrewdest, hardest working man in the profession. Leahy has inherited the Rockne touch, plus the ability to



drive himself and his players at a pace not even Rockne ever attained. He has the greatest collection of football talent ever massed on one college campus."

Fifteen men with monograms will be missing from last year's team when Coach Leahy issues the call for first practice of Notre Dame's 59th gridiron season. The field of 30 returning lettermen is piloted by Captain-elect George Connor, unanimous choice for 1946 All-American tackle. The great quarterback, Johnny Lujack, another All-American, will once more be skippering and befuddling the opposition with his accurate passing. Veteran halfback Emil Sitko and the two Brennan brothers, Terrance and Jim, at left and right half, will give the opposition plenty of trouble. Jim Martin, a veteran of three years in the Marine Corps, will once more be holding down an end position. Martin won a medal last season as the best blocker among the wingmen. Other returning lettermen who helped make the 1946 Irish line the most feared in collegiate football include Tackle Ziggy Czarobski, Guard Bill Fischer, and End George Strohmeyer.

and End George Strohmeyer.

Coach Leahy summed up his prospects this way:
"Potentially we're a strong team. We could be as
good as last year, but that depends on whether our
players are willing to pay the price for gridiron success. The price to which I refer is hard, intelligent

The toughest college football league in the country is the Big Nine. It's a rare year indeed that the conference champ can go through a season without suffering a single defeat. Last year was no exception and the team that finally came out on top, Illinois, took a 14 to 7 loss from Indiana and a 26 to 6 pasting from Notre Dame in a non-conference tilt.

The prospects aren't so hot for the Rose Bowl winning Illini this season. Coach Ray Elliot has lost his great halfback, Buddy Young, who played such a major part in defeating the Bruins in the Bowl. Also gone via the graduation route are Alex Agase, three-time All-American guard; Captain Mac Wenskunas, 'center; and both first-string tackles, Mike Kasap and John Genis. All of these men saw service with the Marine Corps during the war and will be difficult to replace. There were a large number of Marines on that 1946 Illinois eleven. Ray Elliot credits them with "doing a grand job in helping us win the Big Nine and Rose Bowl Championships.

ships.
"We will have a light, inexperienced team this fall," he said. "Our hopes rest very largely on three former Marines — Herb Siegert, guard, Julius Rykovich, outstanding halfback, and Joe Buscemi,

end. These men, and a few other lettermen we have on hand, will have to carry the load. Don't look for the Illini to go very far."

Rumor has it that Michigan will be the team to beat in the Big Nine. This is true even though the Wolverines have lost a full team plus a few spares from last year's conference runner-up. But Coach Fritz Crisler still has a nucleus of more than a score of lettermen from last year, and four more from previous seasons. One of these is Walt Teninga, halfback on the 1945 squad. He has just completed an 18-month tou of duty with the Army. In 1945 this ghost-footed speedster had an average of more than four yards per carry. He scored five touchdowns.

The outstanding holdover is Halfback Bob Chappuis, who set a new overall running and passing record for the Big Nine last fall of 1039 yards. A brilliant ball carrier, Chappuis averaged 5.3 yards per try in conference play. Former Marine Bump Elliott, another lettered returnee, was one of the outstanding backs in the conference by the end of last season. He practically stepped from a returning China transport onto the Michigan gridiron to play in seven conference games and score four touchdowns.

The Wolverines are loaded with talent in the backfield, but they may lack the reserve strength in other positions they enjoyed last season. How well they fare in conference play will depend on this success in developing a strong line.

Many midwestern fans think Coach Bernie Bierman's Minnesota team is the darkhorse of the Western Conference. The postwar Gophers started out slowly last fall, but as the former Marine colonel predicted, they finished their schedule with a bang, and knocked off Purdue, Iowa, and Wisconsin in succession. As usual, Bierman is gloomy about his prospects for the coming season.

"We have only 21 lettermen on hand from last year's team," he said, and we are not certain about all of them. Because freshmen are not eligible for varsity play this season we are going to have to count on our returning players and a few transfers to make up the team."

There are several former Marines on the squad who will see plenty of action with the Gophers after the opening kick-off. They include Charles Dellego, Larry Halencamp, Milan Grevich, and Leo Nomillini. All played last season.

Bierman expects Michigan and Illinois to be the

Bierman expects Michigan and Illinois to be the two strongest teams in the conference, and believes Minnesota "will just have to slug it out with what we have." They are still trying to forget the 1946 football season out on the Pacific Coast. To say that it was disastrous is to make a gross understatement. The UCLA Bruins, who knocked-off seven conference and three non-conference foes to become the western representative in the Rose Bowl, hoped to meet Army there. But meanwhile the Big Nine and Pacific Coast Conference had completed arrangement for a five-year tieup in the Tournament of Roses game.

What a hullabaloo went up among western sports writers when the announcement came! One would have thought that the Illini had about as much right to play at Pasadena as Podunk State Teachers college. Those midwestern upstarts were sending out a team that had already been beaten twice. This was unheard of, said the critics. UCLA was immediately established as a two-touchdown favorite.

That shattering 45 to 14 defeat Buddy Young and company handed the Bruins still has western fans muttering in dismay. The Bruins weren't the only western teams to feel the might of the Big Nine. Both Southern California and California took sound beatings from Ohio State and Wisconsin, respectively. So revenge will be the keynote of coast football this season. And there will be plenty of chances to gain it. Almost every team in the conference will take on at least one Big Nine foe, and they will be pointing for each of these games.

The Bruins are heavy favorites to make their second straight appearance at Pasadena. Coach Bert La Brucherie's losses from 1946 have been held to three starters. Forty lettermen will be on hand for opening practice this month. The two hardest men to replace will be Quarterback Ernie Case and All-American End Burr Baldwin. The job of filling Case's shoes will go to Benny Reiges, who understudied the passing expert last season. He is a deadly punter who pulled the Bruins out of trouble time and time again in the California and USC tilts, Phil Tinsley, All-American end at Georgia in 1944 will replace Baldwin.

Two former Marines will see plenty of action for the Bruins this season. They are Tackle West Matthews, who was heavyweight boxing champ of the Fifth Division, and Jerry Whitney, formerly of El Toro. Whitney is out to win a place in the backfield. He looked hotter than a pistol during spring practice.

Followers of the pigskin parade are in for a season of power-laden football which should make even the most rugged old grads kick up their heels and be happy with their poor relations, the rabid subway alumni.

rates through the anc

yard today, with the same old trees and commandant's home still on the scene.



by Kirby Katz

HE ghosts of American history stand watch in the ancient compound. The masts and spars of Old Ironsides cast shadows of another century along the wharf. Paul Revere began his famous ride here, and Bunker Hill is but a musket shot distant. For Marines of the Boston Navy Yard, the town of Charlestown and environs offer a fighting background as historic as any locale in the nation.

British regulars marched over the site of the British regulars marched over the site of the Marine post 170 years ago on their way to Bunker Hill, while the defending Yanks, disregarding such niceties as close order drill, picked off the Redcoats as they moved up. The town was burned prior to the historic battle, and only a few houses remained after the fighting.

The location for the Navy Yard was ceded to the United States by Massachusetts in 1800 and the next year the establishment was opened. Navy Captain Samuel Nicholson, who had issued the first command aboard the frigate Constitution when she was launched three years before, was named the first commandant of the new post.

the first commandant of the new post.
History has left us few details as to the beginnings of the Marine Barracks at Boston, but, according to Preble's Manuscript History of the Boston Navy Yard, on July 15, 1803 a Captain Hall and a Lieutenant Greenleaf, "with 54 Marines, embarked

Photos by Louis Lowery Leatherneck Photographic Director

POSTS OF THE CORPS



Rubbernecking Marines from near and far, like to go aboard Old Ironsides, wooden veteran of the fighting against the British



Sergeant Lloyd Melanson and PFC James De Leskey look over Constitution's scuttlebutt where the grapevine

at Long Wharf and went aboard the USS Constitution which was being repaired at the Yard.'

The manuscript, which is the most authentic history of this naval yard, relates that on January 9, 1810, the Secretary of the Navy approved the Navy agent's recommendation "to put the pro-visions in the cellar of the new Marine Barracks," and directed the agent to make a requisition for the completion of the barracks when the appropriation for the year 1811 came in.

On March 14, 1810, he ordered the agent to incur no further expense in the construction of the build-ings since they were to be finished by the Marines themselves. Included in the order was this rugged

'No furniture is allowed Marine officers, excepting a table made of plain wood and a few chairs.

The manuscript history adds its own quaint com-ment, "A Spartan simplicity, truly."

The new barracks, which were to be built under

the direction of a Colonel Wharton, were part of a

building plan which also included the barracks at the Navy Yard in New York. Col. Wharton's "good management and well-known economy" were evidently held in high esteem, for he was allowed only \$8000 by the Secretary of the Navy to meet the cost of the project. Apparently, the colonel managed the provided sum shrewdly, for a complimentary letter was sent by the Commandant to Lieutenant John Brooks, then commanding at Boston.

The credit for this low-cost building must be

chiefly attributed to the Marines on the post whose labor covered everything except plastering and glazing. These early Marines built so well that the barracks, now enlarged and modernized, still serve.

Today the original chow hall is still used. Life in the Marine barracks during the early 1850's aroused the curiosity of a local periodical, and an artist and a reporter were sent to the Navy Yard to get the scoop. They returned with sketches and an enthusiastic account which informed the readers of Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion that the Marine Corps was certainly doing

The article compared the mess with a well-regulated boarding house of that day, and pronounced the provisions abundant and of the very best quality. The chow hall was described as neat and furnished with substantial tables and benches. The cooking stove and "dresser" were found to be indicative

of good cheer.

A sketch of the squadroom was made by the artist and accompanied the article in which the reporter wrote, "The bedsteads are iron frames, turning up to the wall on hinges, and thus occupying but little space when not in use. Above each man's bedstead are his knapsack and other traps. In a part of this room is a gun rack filled with muskets. A gallery runs around the apartment, and other beds are seen on the second story."

Discipline, too, came in for a share of praise. The writer proclaimed the Charlestown post a model military establishment in every respect.



once the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world" — the bridge still stands at Concord



Famous Lexington green where the Minutemen first fired on the advancing British at the start of the Revolutionary War



An early artist's conception of the old mess hall at Charlestown where the chow was "abundant"

"The exemplary conduct of the men is particularly noticeable," he wrote. "Only rarely is it found necessary to resort to punishment, and that of the mildest kind."

The old dungeon, still in good condition, but now used only for storage, may have accounted for this last condition. The boys who did brig time down there were not to be envied. Today this underground cell, with its barred windows, is dark, dank, and stifling hot.

The article published in the Gleason periodical in 1852 and another similar one which appeared in Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion

in 1856 focused public attention on the Marines at the Yard and added prestige to their growing reputation.

But the great Boston fire of 1872 provided dramatic opportunities for the Charlestown Marines to prove their value to the community. When gangs of thugs swarmed over Boston, threatening the terror-stricken town with wholesale robbery, the city fathers called on the commandant of the Navy Yard for a force of Marines to aid the police in maintaining peace. The detachment reported to the mayor at city hall and then marched on to the scene of the fire where, according to the report of

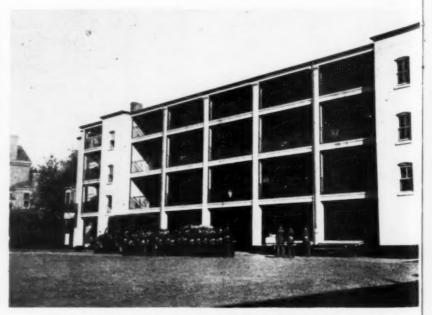
Captain Richard S. Collum, in command, "the Marines... in situations of extreme peril, and by their steadiness and firmness in executing the orders given them, prevented confusion among the crowded by-standers and saved many lives."

Later, during the same fire, a detachment reported to the subtreasury where they removed government funds from that building and secured the money in the custom house. Another detachment reported to the postmaster and stood watch with loaded muskets over the postal property exposed by the fire to possible vandalism

This service in 1872 and again during a fire at the



The unused dungeon whose stiffing interior was conducive to the exemplary conduct reported as "particularly noticeable"



The present-day four-story barracks still contains ancient rooms and buildings, such as the mess hall and the dungeon



Globe Theater in 1875, earned Boston's gratitude and a very high respect for the blue-coated Marines.

Some time later a jailbreak at the Massachusetts State Prison, comparable to the Alcatraz incident which Marines of 1946 helped fight, brought another

call from the authorities. Because of the great

courage shown, the story of this was carried in McGuffey's Reader, a textbook used in the public

One of three convicts who had been sentenced to be whipped in the prison yard escaped from his cell. An alarm was given and the prisoners rushed

from their workshops into the huge dining hall brandishing clubs, knives, hammers, chisels and any

other weapons they were able to pick up along the

way. The riot which ensued threatened the lives of

The bravery and efficiency of the U.S. Marines in the 1800's earned the gratitude of everyone in Boston

several prison officials trapped in a small antercom. A Major Wainwright, then commander of the Charlestown Marines, arrived with a small detachment. The entrapped officials urged him to fire on the convicts through small windows from a safe vantage point beyond the dining room wall. But he chose a bolder course. His knowledge of psychology prompted him to march into the hall and confront the criminals whose sole purpose was to gain a retraction of the pending punishment of their three comrades. Wainwright ordered the Marines to load their muskets, but before completing the operation each was to hold up the leaden ball for the escaped prisoners to see, assuring them they would not receive a mock volley. Then came the order to

The prisoners stood their ground. Not a man flinched. Everyone knew that after the first burst of fire the survivors could destroy the handful of

Wainwright addressed the convicts, firmly advising them that they had three minutes to decide on a peaceful withdrawal. Calmly he drew out his watch.

Two minutes passed. No one moved. The labored breathing of the prisoners was the only sound in the great hall. During the third minute a few of the men nearest the door began to move back, and as the seconds ticked away some began to make their exit. More followed, and before half the last minute was gone the steady aim of the loaded muskets threw them into a panic and all of them rushed for the doors.

"The hall was cleared as if by magic," said

McGuffey.
Those Marines had seen action in Mexico and had fought at the "Halls of Montezuma." Many had sailed aboard ships of the fleet. The USS Constitution, in the early 1880's, had carried Boston Marines in such famous battles as the one with the British Guerriere.

The ancient 44-gun frigate, tied up at her dock to serve the curiosity of the rubberneck, to all appearances is the same ship that fought some of our most famous sea fights. But constant replacement of worn or rotted parts has affected about 90 per cent of the vessel. She has been almost completely reconstructed, piecemeal, over the years. She still carries her massive, old-fashioned cannon; her armory contains the muskets and cutlasses; her cabins the salt pork barrel, scuttlebutt and the grog bucket. Preserved or restored Marine uniforms of her heyday are on display. Her complement of equipment is complete in every detail.

Sightseeing on and around this post need not end

with a visit aboard Old Ironsides. Lexington and Concord, the famous village green, the roads traveled by Paul Revere, Buckman Tavern where the Minutemen rendezvoused, the home of John Hancock and the battleground around the bridge at Concord are all in the vicinity of the Yard.

The old Navy compound itself is a living page in history. Its reputation for smart, well-disciplined troops has been maintained for 140 years. The Marines there are a part of its historical setting.

we hills

squad room Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion carried this picture

New marks established in some of the Corps' best peacetime marksmanship at Quantico

RECORD DAY

Photos by
Sgts. Frank Few and Jack Slockbower
Leatherneck Staff Photographers

Tech Sergeant Walter L. Devine who shot a record-breaking 556 in the Eastern's pistol matches

This is record day for the Corps' best riflemen. Team contestants have just taken positions for slow firing from the 500, with their spotters behind them

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ROM the rattling fire of the Marine Corps rifle and pistol matches this year at Quantico there developed two situations of suspense that would do credit to a Hollywood version of Marine enterprise. The shows were put on by Captain Gus C. Daskalakis of El Toro, winner of the Corps' individual rifle title, and Master Sergeant Walter E. Fletcher of San Diego. the new individual pistol champ.

Records fell in some of the best peacetime shooting the Corps has ever seen, both at the finals in Quantico and the preliminary division matches. One new mark was set with the pistol and several with the rifle. But since there is a possibility that the rifle course for the Garand may yet be changed again, the new records established over it can only be considered potential for the present. If the rifle course is not altered — and this writer thinks that it will not be — then the new records will become permanent targets for which subsequent competitors can set their eights.

Since the end of World War II there have been two sets of competitions, one in 1946 and one in 1947. Both used the Garand and each was fired over a slightly different course. The prewar course was laid out for the old Springfield service rifle. The chief difference between matches with the Springfield and the Garand is that the 1000-yard range has been eliminated for the latter. The present sights of the M-1 are too large and open to be practical for that extremely long range, and unless they are changed — a move some Marines advocate — the 1000-yard firing will

probably not be resumed.

The rifle course for the 1946 matches favored rapid fire, but the results were not too satisfactory. This year ten rounds were taken from the rapid fire ranges and added to the 600-yard slow fire and the people who run the matches were pleased with the outcome. The rifle course this summer consisted of the usual two stages, covering two days of firing. Each stage was made up of shooting from the 200-yard line, slow off-hand and rapid standing to sitting; the 300, rapid standing to prone; the 500, slow prone, and 600, slow prone. The pistol course remains unchanged — slow at 50 yards, timed at 25, and rapid at 25 yards.

Quantico was the scene of both the Eastern matches, last of the division contests, and the immediately following Marine Corps competitions where marksmen fought for the Corps' individual rifle and pistol trophies; the team rifle and pistol awards, the Elliott trophy for team firing, the Lauchheimer Cup, and the Wirgman Cup.

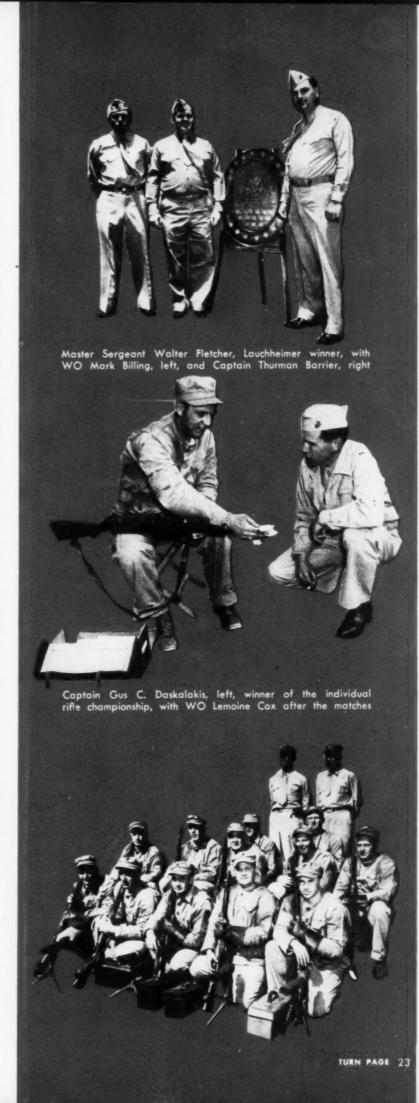
The excitement started at the outset of the Corps finals. There was nothing to be desired in the setup. The ranges were in perfect shape; the NCOinC of the light and weather section gave the shooters his best; the morning chow had been excellent and there seemed not to be a gripe in the whole galaxy of be-rifled Marines. The shots were true and the crackling fusilades were chopping the target blacks to shreds.

At the end of the first day — the first stage — in the individual rifle firing Technical Sergeant Maxin R. Beebe from the battle-ship Iowa was in the lead with his 286. (Sgt. Beebe had walked off with the individual rifle and pistol championships in the Western division matches fired earlier at San Diego.) First Lieutenant George Kross of El Toro was right behind him with a 285. The running was tight, so close that it was still anybody's match among the first 15. These included two who were to come to the top, Fletcher, who was seventh, and Daskalakis, who was 15th. Fletcher had a 282 and Daskalakis a 280.

Sgt. Fletcher was not worried. He wore a wide grin. He was not a contender for the individual rifle championship, but was merely firing for a score to be counted toward the Lauchheimer. He is a hot man with the pistol and what he wanted as much as anything was a score big enough to put him in the running for the Lauchheimer, which is awarded the man who has the highest total score for both pistol and rifle. He knew that if he could pick up another 282 on the second day he was set to be close up for the most coveted of Marine Corps trophies.

On the other hand Capt. Daskalakis, with his 280, had

The Western rifle team, winners of the Inter-division matches: Back row, Lieut. Col. H. P. Crowe, team captain, and First Lieut. Kenneth Harker, team coach; third row, Tech Sgt. O. T. Bowen and Master Sgt. K. Muckleroy; second row, Tech Sgt. Ralph C. Cox, Master Sgt. Louis E. Painter, Master Sgt. William L. Jordon, CWO T. R. Carpenter, and Tech Sgt. Maxin Beebe; first row, First Lieut. George Kross, Captain Gus Daskalakis, Tech Sgt. Theodore F. Wade, Master Sgt. Walter E. Fletcher and First Lieut. Louis Patterson. Wade was 1946 rifle champ





Big shoots snow no one behind the butts. The duty is unchanging. Here the targets roll up

something to worry about if he had serious championship ambitions. Few considered that he had much of a chance to come off with the new McDougal trophy, put up this year for the first time for presentation to the individual rifle champion. But the captain moved from firing line to firing line with an amazing show of coolheadedness and sharp shooting. He got a 49 at 300 rapid fire, a possible at 500 yards, and a match-stopping 97 from 600 yards. His second-stage total was a very rough 287, which is a new stage "high." It is one of those records that must be considered "potential," but it gave him a one-point lead over Lieut. Kross, 567 to 566, for first place.

Master Sergeant John A. Ward of Quantico hit the third rung with a 664 and Beebe, the first-stage leader, fell off 10 points to come up seventh. Firing only for score, Fletcher duplicated his first-stage 282 the second time over the course, giving him a very comfortable 564. His grin became wider; now he knew he would be the foremost contender for

the famed Lauchheimer.

A darkhorse covey of chickens from Balboa beat out the favorites in a sharp contest for the East's Elliott team trophy

The pistol shooters lined up the following morning on the 50-yard line in an atmosphere that had by this time grown tense. The Lauchheimer still was to be won and by noon, at the close of the second stage on the pistol course, the worst would be known. At the end of the first stage it was a wide-open sprint between four very hot pistoleers. They were Fletcher, Ward, Captain Thurman E. Barrier of Parris Island, the Southeastern pistol champ, and Warrant Officer Mark Billing of Camp Pendleton.

Then during the second stage Fletcher had an alibi, on his second string of rapid-fire at 25 yards. It was a blow-back. The powder in his cartridge had blown out the back of its brass case. This meant he would have to wait until after the second and third relays had finished their firing in order to shoot in the alibi relay. When this rolled around everyone who had a chance for the Lauchheimer had finished his firing. Billing was in the lead with a combined rifle and pistol score of 1098; Capt. Barrier was next with a 1097, and Fletcher had a 1068, but with five rounds left to fire. He needed only a 33 to win.

With his Lucky Lager paunch, Fletcher walked up onto the line, knowing what he had to do. A 33 is not difficult for a shooter of Fletcher's caliber to get from a possible 50; but with the pressure on, anything can happen. If he was undergoing any strain, he concealed it well. He jauntily took his position and, when the targets turned, started cutting the black. Just as he squeezed off his fifth round targets turned back.

Preceded by officials and scorers, all hands, holding their breaths, ran to the target to get the dope on that fifth round. Fletcher's Comanche war-whoop

was the tip-off; he was "in." Four shots were in the ten black and that questionable fifth had caught the eight ring as the target was turning its edge back to the firing line. His 550 pistol score, coupled with his 564 for the rifle, gave him a very respectable 1114 aggregate.

After the officials certified his score, he was immediately set upon, in a bit of skylarking, by some of his close-up buddy contenders. But for the inter-vention of a few of the officials he would have been down to his skivvies in a matter of seconds. Billing, the second spot winner, who weighs not more than 150 pounds, was given the dubious honor of toting, on his shoulders, the jovial 220-pound winner. The carry was clear back to the 50-yard line. At the conclusion of that tremendous haul, Mr. Billing retired for the day. Capt. Barrier was the third place bronze medal winner.

The McDougal Memorial trophy was presented to the Corps last spring by Major General D. C. McDougal (USMC Ret'd), on behalf of the family and friends of his son, the late Lieutenant Colonel David S. McDougal, a renowned Marine marksman who was killed on Okinawa. The McDougal will be a perpetual cup, awarded each year to the in-dividual rifle champion but kept on display at Headquarters in Arlington, Va., just outside Washington, D. C. Each winner will receive a medal for

permanent possession.

To Fletcher, for winning the individual pistol title, went another new trophy, sponsored by Headquarters, Marine Corps. The same procedure governs its presentation.

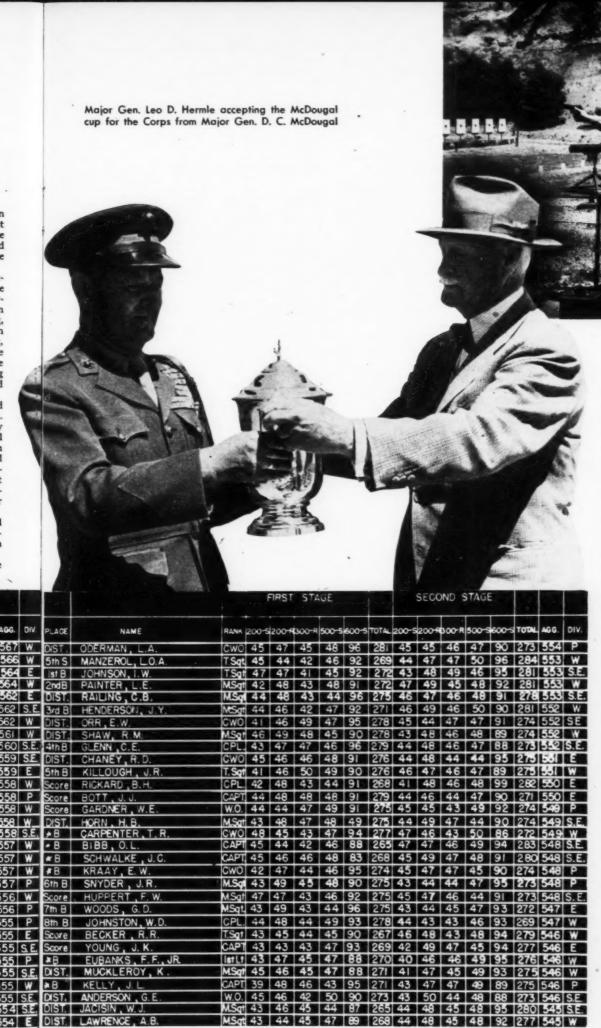
The individual matches were followed by the



PFC Paul L. Caron, in his first year of match shooting, came away with three second silvers

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₽G	PATTERSON . L. M.	Istl	46	49	45	49	88	277	45	48	45	47	94	279	556	W	S
		T.Sqt	47	43	46	50	92	278	49	46	48	44	91	278	556	P	71
	CZOMPOLY , S. S.	SSqt	43	47	45	46	91	272	45	48	46	49	95	283	555	P	81
	DEVINE, W.L.	T.Sqt	47	48	45	48	87	275	46	48	46	47	93	280	555	E	Sc
C-mark-territor and	HAFER. F.D.						_	_		46	_	_	92	279	555	SE	<u>S</u>
	BILLING . M.W.	wo	47	47	45	47	92	278	43	49	44	48		277	555	P	1
										47				277	555	S.E	D
6 KML 20 1-30	COX. R.C.	-		47						44				273	555	W	
* ** ***	BARRETT, H. A.		45	_		50				46		47	87	271	555	SE	D
	HUMPHREY, M.E.	The second second second second	43							49				282	554	SE	D
	DYNES. W J				_		-	_			46	_		278	554	E	D

The final tallies for the individual rifle matches taken from the official



scoreboard. Captain Daskalakis topped the list with a 280 and a 287

firing for the Elliott cup, eastern counterpart of the west coast San Diego team cup. The Elliott, in turn, was followed by the team competitions, known as the Inter-division rifle and pistol matches,

Master Sgt. Walter Fletcher is firing the alibi run that won for him the coveted Lauchheimer

which wound up the meet.

The team that won the Eastern division pistol matches held in Quantico earlier in May romped off with the Inter-division pistol honors too, with a score of 1351. The Western division champs, with a 1296, came second, and the Pacific division team was third with 1293.

The Western took the rifle title, though, with a 2802. Southeastern was second with 2770, and Eastern third with 2749.

The Eastern pistol and the Western rifle teams were the first recipients of the two new trophies awarded by Marine Corps Headquarters. The cups are dedicated to the memory of war-dead Marines who had been instrumental in the furtherance of marksmanship.

Marine Barracks, Balboa, the Canal Zone, strictly a darkhorse entry in the Elliott match, won it. The Balboa Marines got a 1105 total, beating out the Second Division by one point. Parris Island took

third place with 1102.

In the quick job done by the Eastern team in the Inter-division pistol, Lieutenant Colonel Robert D. Moser of Quantico set the pace. He got an 88 at 50 yards, a 98 at 25 yards time fire, and a 96 at 25 yards rapid fire. This came to a very good 282. Warrant Officer Robert C. McIntyre of Quantico, team captain and coach, was in there "high." He got a 273.

was quite evident during the Inter-division rifle struggle on the following day that the Western team was out for blood to offset the beating it had taken in the pistol run. Western's 32-point margin over the second-place Southeastern was good, but not quite the 55 points the Eastern had over Western's second-place total with the pistol.

The shooting for the Elliott was supposed to have been a bitterly fought contest between the Second Division from Lejeune, Parris Island and probably Marine Barracks, Norfolk, Va. But by the 600-yard line the "chickens" from Balboa had not only edged themselves into a contender's position on the score board but were actually tied with the Second Division at that point with a team 738.

"How did they get there?" mumbled the experts.
"Can't be. They can't last!"

It was the consensus, and the opinion of this writer, that the darkhorses would fall in the long-range 600-yard fight; there the boys would be separated from the men. And so it was, except it turned out the men were from Balboa. The 600 mark brought them a neat 367, producing their winning total of 1105.

Marine Barracks, USNB, Newport, R. I., won

the Wirgman trophy with a 1078.

Preparations for the Marine Corps competitions at Quantico in May of each year begin two months before starting the ball rolling. The Pacific matches at Pearl Harbor were held in February this year. More than 1000 competitors — the Corps' better

RECORD DAY (cont.)

battled it out in the preliminary matches. They came from posts scattered over the face of the earth from the Caribbean area to the Orient. This year, 259 made the grade to the finals at Quantico. These consisted of 90 men who had gotten there through elimination, and 169 medal winners and riflemen of distinguished marksman

The number of competitors authorized for the several division matches and the quotas assigned the various posts and organizations in the Corps are published annually in a circular letter from Headquarters, designating the times and places for

rifle WO F. J. Bergmann's 290 with the highest single-stage score of the year

the various lower-bracket competitions. All officers and men of the regular Corps, excepting distinguished rifle marksmen and distinguished pistol shots, are eligible to participate for medals.

In making selections, commanding officers are obliged to give due regard to steadiness, good soldierly habits and conduct, as well as excellence in marksmanship. All men whose past performances or range records indicate proficiency in arms are usually given an opportunity to qualify for the quotas. The distinguished shots, who need not qualify further for any competitions at Quantico, are entered in addition to the quotas assigned.

Three types of medals are awarded in the comgold, silver and bronze. Distinguished shots are Marines who have won any three of these, with one stipulation. The three cannot be all bronze.

One must be either silver or gold.

At Pearl the individual rifle award was won by Technical Sergeant Roy F. Rice of the First Division. Warrant Officer Leonard A. Oderman of Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, wrapped up the pistol match. Rice got a 554 and Oderman a 554. It was the first indication the Corps' shooting records were in danger.

In the Western division matches at San Diego the rifle championship was won by Beebe with a 586, and the pistol, by Beebe again, with a 530. In winning the rifle title Beebe established two new highs for the year, the 586 total and a 286 he got

in one of the stages.

During the San Diego Team Trophy match, which immediately followed the Western matches, Warrant Officer F. J. Bergmann of the Third Brigade chalked up a new stage high of 290. Bergmann dropped just two points on each of the five ranges. But this will count only as a team match stage high because a spotter with a telescope was used. This is usual in eam firing, but not in individual match shooting. The spotter watches the target and the wind and ight condition to coach a team shooter.

But Bergmann's great firing was not enough to put the Brigade out in front and the match was won by the team representing Force Troops, FMF,

Pacific, which got an 1122.

The Parris Island team had a field day in the Southeastern division matches, held this year for the first time at Camp Lejeune. Technical Sergeant Arthur E. Snyder, from Parris Island's recruit depot.

annexed the rifle top spot, while Capt. Barrier, who got so hot in the individual finals, walked away with the pistol award. His victory was expected.

At Quantico, in the Eastern matches, Lieutenant

Colonel Walter R. Walsh reversed his usual procedure, which is prominence with the pistol, and instead tucked the No. 1 rifle title under his arm. He tied the course high, set by Beebe at San Diego a few weeks earlier, with his 568. Col. Walsh won the Corps' pistol championship in 1946.

The following morning Technical Sergeant Walter L. Devine, of Quantico, broke the 10-year-old Corps pistol course record by slamming a 556 into the black. The former mark was 555, made in 1937 by the then Corporal Harry Reeves, who is now a member of the famous Detroit police pistol team, and who is generally recognized as the world's best pistol shot. This was the only pistol record broken during the matches this year.

title of "Most Promising Shooter" should go to PFC Paul L. Caron of the weapons training battalion, recruit depot, Parris Island. With only 14 months in the Corps and still in his first year of match competition, he managed a 545 in the Southeastern rifle matches for a second silver; a 555 for rifle in the Quantico finals for a second silver; a 288 in the Elliott Team Trophy match for the highest stage score in that match, and a very respectable 280 in the Inter-division rifle match. Caron managed, too, to take a second silver in the Southeastern pistol match. If the fates smile he should be distinguished in his second year of shooting.

Master Sergeant Madison E. Humphrey, of the Second Division, easily qualifies as the Corps' shooter who keeps trying the hardest. Humphrey walked off with six medals this year: A silver in the Southeastern rifle match; third silver for rifle in the Quantico finals; a gold in the Southeastern pistol match, and a fourth bronze for pistol in the Quantico finals. These four medals, with two he already had, gave him a "Distinguished" in both rifle and pistol. It took him 12 years to pick up the two he had, and in this, his thirteenth shooting season, he managed to snag the four that put him in the select circle

Behind the scenes of every successful rifle match is a group of unsung, hardworking individuals. This year's matches were no exception. There is the butts detail - those who man the targets, pull them down, paste them up and raise them again. A thank-



Members of the Balboa team that won the left to right: Tech Sgt. Elliott cup, E. C. Davis, the team coach; Corp. M. E. Compron, PFC G. B. Galyon, alternate, Corps. B. R. Mahan and H. D. Ericksson, and Second Lieut. A. W. Burri, team captain



Winners of the San Diego team trophy: Capt. John Kelly, PFC William M. McBurnie, Clarence H. Messick and PFC Lowell V. Fegan

less job, but if sloppily done it can ruin a match.

Then there are the scorers in the butts, and the officers in charge of block targets, those who have to make a fast decision on hair-line shots. There is the line detail, scorers and verifiers, line officers who have to run the line as expeditiously, yet as tactfully, as possible. Shooters can be as temperamental as ballerinas and have to be handled in about the same manner. And last, but by far not the least, are the team armorers, the guys who keep them shooting. The armorer and his helpers rate a tall, cool brew. Precision shooting calls for precision instruments; precision instruments, when there is trouble, need men who not only can find the trouble

quickly, but know what to do when they find it. If time is the essence, they must come up with a remedy that will last until more time can be devoted

to more extensive repair.
Lieutenant Colonel W. A. Lee, commanding officer of the Quantico range, can well feel proud of the efficiency of his behind-the-scenes crew. Captain Robert A. Morehead ran the line most competently, keeping the relays moving on and off as rapidly as possible. The team armorer, Master Sergeant Charles F. Janacek, down from the Depot of Supplies, at Philadelphia, helped by two of Quantico's own armorers, Master Sergeant Erick Stromstad and Screeant Clifton A. Walker, kept all the arms in tip-top shape. Col. Lee told this writer the riffes received this year from the Depot of Supplies were in better shape than any match rifles he had ever seen. He credits most of the success of the matches to this fact.

It is difficult for the non-shooter to fully appreciate the amount of effort and the degree of cooperation that go into shooting competition of this scope. The division contests and the Corps-wide finals at Quantico bring together the finest shots among sharp-shooting U. S. Marines. There is a tradition to be maintained and nothing is too much trouble to provide the proper setting for its perpetuation.

Captain Gus Daskalakis receiving the rifle trophy from Major Gen. Pedro A. del Valle. At left is WO H. I. Retzke, statistical officer



The winner of the individual pistol title and the Lauchheimer cup, Master Sergeant Fletcher gets a roughing-up from jealous buddies





The pistol scoreboard at Quantico was watched closely during the finish of the individual matches, won by Fletcher's alibi



Tech Sgt. Maxin R. Beebe checking his score during the west coast matches. He won both the individual rifle and pistol championships

SHI

by Lawrence Sanders

BLUE battle lantern glows in one corner of the squad room. Two men back from liberty are talking in the head; their voices float through the partition and hang in the air like ghost whispers. A sentry comes slowly down the row of bunks, peering at numbers with his flashlight.

The sentry shakes Davey's shoulder. Davey stirs, mutters, blinks his eyes, sits up suddenly.
"Wake up, sarge," the sentry says. "Your ship's

in. Better hurry.

Davey nods, swings out of bed, begins to dress. Your ship: the words sound good to him. "My ship," he repeats to himself. "My ship."

Davey has lived out of his sea bag for two weeks.

She was Davey's floating world, and he loved her. But for Max she had become an evil, hated prison

He tosses his dirty laundry on top, crams in his shaving gear, and snaps the lock. He drags his sea

bag down to the guard room.

He picks up his orders and shakes hands with the corporal on duty. The night driver helps him with his gear, and they go out to the guard truck, standing in front of the mess hall. It is almost dawn; Davey can see the outlines of the navy yard shops.

They drive silently, threading their way through the narrow streets down to Pier 10. The truck rattles across railroad tracks, ducks around the big crane, and suddenly the Ship is there, wet and silvery in the fog.

Davey climbs out of the truck and stands looking. "A lot of ship, isn't she?" the driver says. Davey nods. My ship, he thinks. My ship.

Afterward he is to know the Ship in a hundred scenes, in a thousand remembered moods, but always he recalls his first view of her, tied up at the Brooklyn pier, the swirling fog shrouding her superstructure, her prow soaring off and proud into the river mists.

Her lines are something new, swooping as a Yankee Clipper, clean and lean as a French cruiser, but menacing, sloped forward, leaning, sinister in a way, but smooth, eager, fast. She gives the impression of tremendous speed, smoldering strength, a thor-

oughbred pawing at the starting gate.

Her lean strength makes her look low on the water. But then Davey starts up the accommodation ladder and realizes how big she is, how high the

radar screen points up into the fog.

The sentry nods to him. "'Lo, sarge. The Corporal of the Guard is up there talking to the O.D."

Davey reports to the O.D. and surrenders his orders. The corporal helps him below to the Marine compartment. Davey has just started to unpack his gear when reveille sounds, and the Ship stirs awake. Three hours later they are underway, slipping slowly, quietly, out of the fog-choked bay, heading into the cold Atlantic.

Davey makes friends quickly. He is good-humored, easy-going. There is something of the poet in his thought and speech. The men of his squad like him, and because he is neither ambitious nor conniving.

the other NCO's like him a lot too. Especially Max.

Max is also a sergeant, thick, heavy-set, a little obstinate, a little stolid. But he is a man to depend on, a good friend, courageous and generous.

Max's features seem hewn from a mountainside by some careless sculptor: heavy lips and broken nose, scarred forehead, a sad and puzzled look in his deep-set eyes.

Alongside of him Davey is handsome, slim, graceful. And Davey is younger, not only in years, but in spirit too. Unquenchable is Davey, light-hearted, quick to laugh.

They become good friends, Max and Davey, go on liberty together, rarely quarrel. But when they

do quarrel, it is always about the Ship.

Max hates the Ship. Everything has gone wrong for him since he came aboard. He has had a deck court and been reduced a rate. He smashed a finger when a hatch swung shut. His pay account is fouled up; he hasn't been paid in three months.

All this he blames on the Ship. "The bitch" he calls her bitterly. He sees no end to his misfortunes. The Ship is crafty, malevolent. It's out to break

Davey's enthusiasm for the Ship leaves Max cold. "You don't know her like I 'do," he tells Davey. "She'll break your heart. She'll ruin you and then laugh at you. I know her."

They go down to Chesapeake Bay for gun trials, and then head north for convoy duty off Iceland. The Ship handles well; first of her class, she is something of an experiment. Certain changes are made in the yards at Brooklyn and Norfolk, but her lines

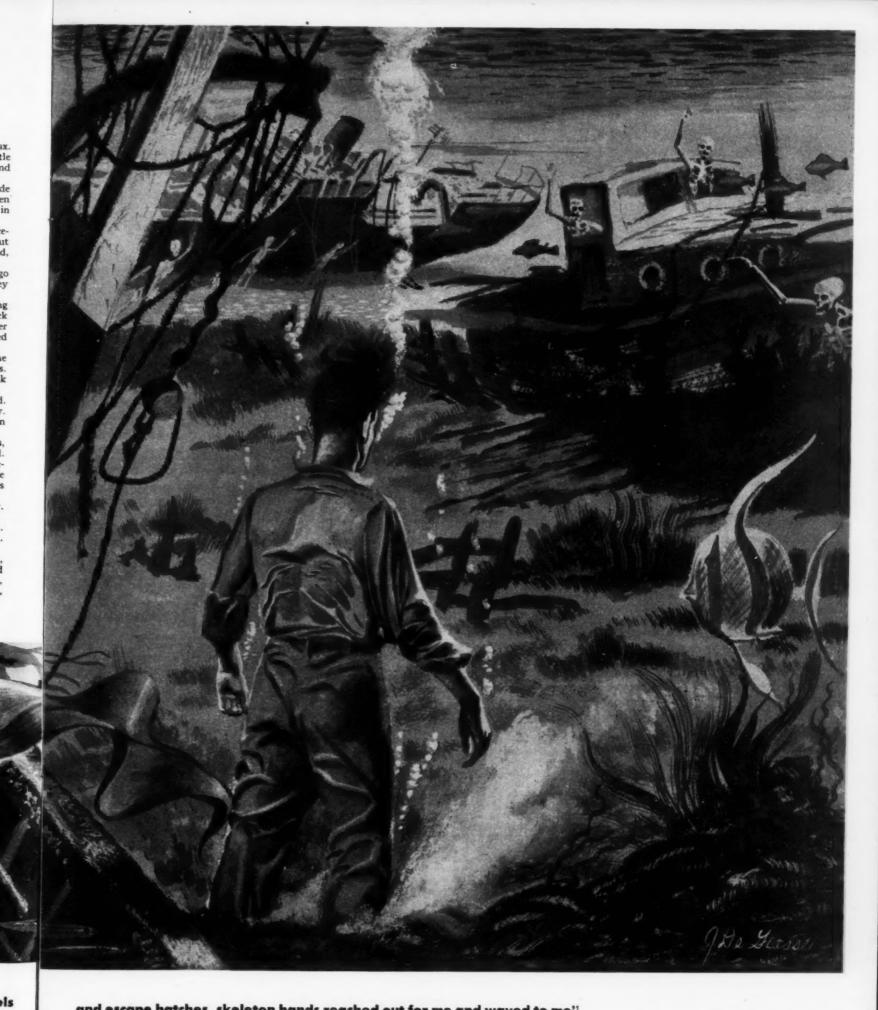
remain the same: sleek, fast, and clean.
"She's a beauty, she is," Davey says. "A honey.
I've fallen in love with her."

Max laughs at this poetry from a Marine sergeant. "You're crazy," he says. "This rusty hunk of tin. She'll break your heart. The bitch."

When they move north toward Newfoundland, they move into a gray, biting world of wind and sleet. Furious snow squalls drive across the bow, and the forward gun tubs are invisible to the bridge, lost in the thick grayness ahead.



"From every ship, through ports and cracks in the plate, from funnels



and escape hatches, skeleton hands reached out for me and waved to me"

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A shrill wind pierces everything; bitter spume frosts the upper decks; icicles hang glistening off the guns. Shields bend before the wind; the pounding sea crashes over the bows and sweeps away every-

thing not bolted to the deck.

Life lines are rigged, but even so, two men are lost overboard, their last despairing cry ripped from

their throats by the howling wind.

Two days off Iceland a submarine alert is sounded late one afternoon. The light is murky gray with snow and heavy mist. The destroyers heel about and go charging off into the fog, staggering into the giant waves, at times completely submerged.

Then Davey sees his first glimpse of war at sea. Privately, Davey has been a little amused by this

story-book war that ships fight.

"We'll always have hot food and a dry sack. No matter how bad it gets, it'll never be as bad as Guadalcanal. It's really a vacation, a sea trip. What a way to fight a war! A joke, really."
"You'll see," Max says sourly. Max has been seagoing before. He swam away from the old York-

town.

Davey watches eagerly, peering into the snow. Then in that cold, threshing sea an enemy sub-marine is brought up by the depth charges. They see her for an instant, stumbling little figures rushing for her deck gun. As the Ship storms by, out of the mist and back into the mist, their port secondary batteries open fire.

All the five-inch crash as one, the sound muffled in the fog. The sub disappears in a steaming blast of steel, foam, and flame. It is gone. They sweep

on past.

Davey sees the same thing months later near Truk when a small Japanese tanker is spotted on the horizon. Silently, without mercy, the Ship rushes closer, closer, sweeps by, and for a split instant the giant guns erupt at point blank range.

The Jap ship dissolves in a hot blast of aviation gas. Limp little dolls pinwheel up into the sky. Floating wreckage is left, bobbing on the gentle

swell.

"It's the suddenness of it," Max says slowly, looking down at his hands. "It's just that there's no place to go. You can't dig a foxhole. You stand on these damn steel decks, and you just take it. You just have to take it."
"You're helpless," Davey says softly. "There's

not a thing you can do.'

"Maybe some day we'll be helpless like that sub. Dead in the water. And we look up and see a great brute of a ship slashing down on us, and the big gun turn slowly till they bear on us, and we wait for

that instant. And we take it."

It is war, the essence of war, the final, terrible, fundamental fury of war; one instant men praying to ay afloat, the next instant limp dolls flung up

against the sky. There is no appeal.
"I understand," Davey nods. "And always you fight two enemies. There is always the sea."
The Ship returns to Brooklyn, crosses to Africa, touches at Oran, patrols the entrance to the Med-

Slowly, completely, the Ship becomes their world. It takes the place of home, country, church. Wherever they are, Oran, Dakar, Portland, Brooklyn - ashore on liberty, drunk, weary, depressed — they come back to the Ship. Always the Ship is there.

Davey returns eagerly, each time coming upon the Ship unexpectedly, keeping his eyes lowered till the last second, turning the corner of a pier, coming around a crane, walking through the narrow alleys formed by stacked crates on a wharf.

Then suddenly he lifts his eyes and sees the Ship in a glare of pier lamps. Suddenly he sees, and his breath never fails to catch in his throat, each time, before the beauty of her, the formidable massiveness. And always he knows his warm, dry bunk is there, hot food for him, his home, his world.

Max comes back too, staggering sometimes, hurt in barroom brawls a few times. Angry, resentful, he returns bitterly to the Ship, like coming back to a prison he enters of his own will, a fate he can't

resist, a destiny he can't oppose.

To Max, the Ship is mocking, a false home, a country in masquerade, a blasphemous church. Always as he comes closer and closer, dragging his feet across the railroad tracks in a navy yard, alv the Ship waits for him and says to him in cynical whispers, "You can't get away. You can't escape. You're caught, caught, caught." "Max, why don't you get off her?" Davey asks when he understands how Max feels. "You could get a transfer to the beach, or to the FMF if that's what you want.

Max looks at him with a shamed, crooked smile.

"Do you believe in luck? In fate, I mean?"
"Sure," Davey says. "I guess we all do. What else is there?"

Well then, I know I'll never leave this ship alive. I don't think it or feel it. I know it. I'll die aboard this bitch."

Davey shrugs. "Imagination," he says. "Nerves."
"No. I knew it when we got those five days at Norfolk. I went home, but I didn't feel right. I was lost. Then when I was on my way back, I knew. This is my home, this rotten steel ship. This is where I belong. And this is where I die. I know that. I'll not leave this ship alive."

Max has a dream. One night near Dakar he comes

off watch, rolls wearily into his sack, and is asleep

almost instantly.

He dreams the Ship has gone down, is resting on the bottom of the Pacific. Max is alone on the Ship. He walks the flooded passages alone; in that great steel world, he is the last, the only.

The green floor of the sea, watery depths gurgling, is crowded with wreckage. From the shattered ports he sees ancient hulks half-covered in the gently shifting sands. Moss-plated ribs and greened tim-bers soaked and crumbling, sway on deep, subtle currents.

"I walked through the deserted compartments ad out on deck." Max tells Davey later. "I looked and out on deck," Max tells Davey later. "I looked around at all the wreckage, at all the ships that were down and gone. And from every ship, through ports and cracks in the plate, from funnels and escape hatches, skeleton hands reached out for me and waved to me."

The ship patrols off the coast of Africa, stops a week at Freetown, then slants across to South

On the long cruise from Freetown to Sao Salvador on the Brazilian coast, Davey falls in love with seagoing, thinks perhaps after the war he'll become a sailor and spend the rest of his life on the sea. He tells Max about it, what an escape it is from

the mechanized, neurotic city life he lived before

the war.
"Ever hear of a sailor with ulcers from worry?"
he says to Max. "Maybe in the old days they got them from bad food, but not any more, and never from worry. And the way time goes by! There aren't days, weeks, or months to tick off. It's all one. It's just one big hunk. Time, in itself, all in one piece.

"It goes that way ashore if you're happy," Max

"See that gull up there, over Turret 3?" Davey points. "That's the way time goes for me ashore, that slow, painful flapping, a climb against the wind, not getting anywhere. Now watch him."

The gull flaps on a few beats, a throttled, agonized movement. Then suddenly he turns with the wind and goes soaring away, swift, keen, breath-taking. "See?" Davey says triumphantly. "That's the

way time goes at sea, just floating away on the wind, no strain, no pain."

It is at a Brazilian port they see an ancient American battle-wagon, worn-out and obsolete, one of the last of the coal burners. She is trussed up at a pier, used as a training ship.

The sight bothers Davey. The thought that some day the Ship may lie rusty and useless in some for-gotten backwater makes him ache as even the thought of his own death doesn't touch him.
"Rather see her down in battle," he tells Max.

"I wouldn't want to see her junked like that. "You'll see the bitch down in battle," Max says. "I know it."

The Ship goes back to Norfolk. They are painted a lighter gray and take stores aboard for a Pacific cruise. They fill their tanks and their magazines. Extra stores are lashed on deck under tarps. Then they head south.

The Ship scrapes through the Panama Canal and comes out into the placid stretches of the Pacific,

bluer, vaster, cleaner.

Like a thoroughbred held too long to bridle paths and fenced tracks, then suddenly turned loose onto a limitless plain, the Ship shakes herself and plunges ahead, free, free.

The proud and rampant prow hisses through the vater like scissors through sheer silk, and a billow of the green stuff goes curling away to port and starboard. The torn waves, wind-whipped and threshed, go boiling back along the sides to the bubbling froth of the wake.

Oh, she steps, she strides, she slides, she flies on wings! Panama to Funifuti, and never a right of land for 21 days, but only the soft Pacific stretching

away on all sides.

The mild trade winds ripple through the signal halyards, and on the billowing nights the Southern Cross comes tipping over the horizon, and the sky comes down until you can reach up and grab a handfull of the black stuff, soft, creamy, scented. Each dawn lovelier than the last, each sunset

so beautiful you ache with the anguish of it: the sea all purpled and green, the fading sun reddening the rolling waves: soft sea breezes and no sound but

the hissing of the ocean past the prow.

The nights! The nights! and the long night watches, but never long enough. Always over too soon, with men talking in low murmurs of home and women, a mournful harmonica playing far up on the fo'c'sle, the haunting wail of "Sleepy Time Gal" drifting down over the Ship and off into the soft darkness

And always the miles of sea slipping beneath her prow and bubbling away. The war, the world, fade off beyond the horizon, and they drowse in the sun that each noon bakes the steel decks hotter.

They grow tanned and lazy, slow in their move-ments, content, content that this voyage shall never end, that for the rest of their days they shall sail the blue Pacific, the softness theirs, the beauty theirs, and the peace.

At Funifuti a general assembly is called aft, and all the crew not on watch assemble in ranks under the clear, hot Pacific sky and listen to the captain.

A silent, gray man, this god of the Ship. No one knows him; he has no friends. Hard, bitter, sometimes cruel and without mercy, but a good sailor, devoted to command, austere, without sentiment and without emotion. He has submerged his own destiny in the fate of the Ship; he is part of its great engines, the directing hand, steel and chromium, hard and tough.

"We have been in commission almost two years now. The Ship has proved itself in the North Atlantic cruises and the long speed runs to Africa. We have drilled constantly. Now we are going into battle. There is no way of telling how we shall react. Drills are valuable, but they are not sufficient. There is no substitute for courage. I believe the Ship is ready. I believe we are all of us ready. The next few months will tell. Good luck to all of you.

Then the Ship heads south. Three destroyers and two cruisers are with her. Land-based planes follow them out, scouting. Then ship-based planes take

over the patrol.

Enemy forces move out from the islands around Guadalcanal, steam north, and are intercepted by our subs. The Ship turns, hesitates, receives dropped orders from a scout bomber, and heads resolutely westward.

Day and night alarms, sunrise and sunset alerts, and the crew begins to understand the captain's words. Sleep becomes a precious thing, to be grabbed in snatches after meals and between alerts. Faces grow haggard; nerves tighten until trifles set men quarreling, their eyes red and angry.

One afternoon the Ship drives through a squall, and three minutes later General Quarters sounds. Men climb aloft to Sky Control, up to the top guns, down to below-deck stations. Gun muzzles move uneasily back and forth; ammo is passed up, and swaddled in life jackets, flash gear, gloves, masks, the gun crews crouch silent, waiting.

Davey notes the terrible, noisy silence that descends over everything. The great ships in single file steam quietly through the calm sea. Plenty of clouds overhead. Hot and quiet. The sky deserted. Whispered commands. Anxious eyes straining.

Then suddenly, unspotted by radar, unseen at first, coming fast and black as death, three planes in a droning dive that gets louder and louder.
"Commence firing! Commence firing!"

Then the ships whip about, turn, dodge. Then the guns start, first the five-inch, then the 40's, then the 20's, until the decks tremble, the bulkheads flutter like tissue.

The body of the hard and bitter captain is slumped against a stanchion. His clear, lifeless eyes look out across the broken prow. The ship is dying. A giant tremor runs through her frame

Max feeds clips into his gun, sees from the corner of his eye the planes release their bombs, turn for another run. The whole task force is blasting away now. The sky is filled with mushroom puffs of smoke. Ca-chung, ca-chung, ca-chung, the mount fires, turning in jerky movements as the pointer tries to keep on his target.

The noise is tremendous, terrible. It frightens Davey, and he crouches lower, trying to cram himself into his helmet. It is chaos, complete: screeching of diving planes, screamed commands, frantic shrieks

for ammo, pounding of guns.

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It blasts perhaps three minutes, but it is eternity. The moments are swollen, enlarged. Time is frozen, slowed. Things are seen in magnified detail. Below the mount a gun barrel bursts, and tiny bits of steel rattle on helmets and against the shield. Davey remembers how the burst gun barrel looks like a coverless umbrella.

The planes are shot down, plunging into the sea in flames. The cruiser astern of them is on fire. She turns out of line to keep the flames fanned off to

Then, suddenly, quiet returns. Men, smoke-blackened and weary, weary and trembling, straighten and look at one another. We've been in action! That was it! And they begin talking, everyone at once, in high-pitched, unnatural voices.

The talk goes on for days, until the next action, excited hysterical voices, trading impressions, telling of details caught and remembered. Everyone has seen death diving out of the clouds on a hot summer day. Everyone will remember.

Davey thinks of the Ship, still complete, still whole and intact. Now she has been in action, and he worships this brute of steel. The unconquerable! The unvanquished!

Actions follow action. The hard, bitter captain drives them as furiously as he drives himself. Ships, planes, shore batteries, the Ship silences with her thundering guns. She earns a reputation for strength, for speed, for a cold, emotionless fury to which there is no appeal. The Ship has never paused to pick up survivors.

Now they know the terrible whisper of shore batteries, the derisive whisper, "It's yours, it's yours, it's yours," of ragged chunks of steel cutting the air about them.

Now they know the sight of death plunging from a white cloud, or streaking like a black shark through the clear water to curve across their bow

The tide of war surges with them. New ships come scraping through the Canal, and slowly, slowly, the Ship is no longer alone, no longer fighting and fleeing swiftly to fight again.

Now there are new ships, untried ships: great new carriers, gleaming battlewagons, special AA cruisers. But still, the Ship is queen, the greatest, the most crafty, the boast of the fleet. To Davey and the crew, always she is the best, the only.

And finally it comes, unexpectedly, on the way

back from a pre-invasion bombardment. It comes as Max knew it would, as he has told Davey many times. The Ship meets its destiny.

"Torpedo wake off the starboard bow! Torpedo on the starboard beam!' "Wake on the starboard quarter!"

The loud speaker clicks on. The bugle tones of Torpedo Attack, stirring, exciting, go throbbing off across the water.

"Set Condition Zebra! Set Condition Zebra!"

Then the rush for ladders; the frenzied slide through hatches, across decks; the breathless climb up to guns, down to battle stations. Then the slam of hatches, ports, doors, shields. Then the rumble of lifting hoists, the clicking of phones, the hard snarl of commands. The snouts of the guns sniff eagerly back and forth.

The hard and bitter captain appears on the open bridge, relieving the O.D. This is his moment. Unsmiling, he takes command and seeks his fate.

THE Ship heels under his hands. It responds like a sloop. It turns, hesitates, straightens, lists, flashes ahead, slows, whips about, reverses itself, contorts, twists. Torpedoes flash by the bow.

But there are too many, too many to dodge, too many to avoid. Now the Ship must stand, take them, receive the killing blows. The time has come as Max foresaw. There is nothing to be done. There is no appeal.

The destroyers dart back and forth furiously, The crump of depth charges tosses columns of water high into shimmering rainbows.

But it is too late.

"Max, they're killing her," Davey shouts.

The Ship shivers, pauses, and plunges ahead, then slowing, until she wallows helplessly. The last torpedo blasts the fan-tail into a spreading blossom of steel petals.

Fires flare up and lick toward the aviation gas tanks. Steam pipes burst in crowded compartments. Hatches jam in the faces of trapped men. The bloodflecked sea bubbles in through the split hull. Water comes gurgling up past the glass ports.

AA guns are depressed and used as direct-fire weapons. A submarine, flushed to the surface by depth charges, is laced with projectiles, cracks wide open, up ends and slides down. But it is too late, too late. The Ship is dying.

The eaptain stands steady and speaks over the

phones. Flag signals rip up into the smoke-choked

air. The harsh blare of the klaxon never ceases.

The ammo starts to go. The guts of the Ship twist and buckle into welded wreckage. Men come streaming up from below, snapping on life jackets as they run. Life rafts go over the side. The Ship begins its last listing to starboard. The wounded scream and slide off into water burning with an oil slick.

Max and Davey stand at their gun and fire until the barrels jam, fire at the sub, then into the water

as if to punish the sea.

"She's going," Max says, looking at Davey. His face has that funny, crooked grin. "The bitch is going down.'

The list is sharper now. The captain's gig has been loaded with the log, the records, the payroll. A squad of Marines stand stolidly on guard. But suddenly they are foundering in the ocean. The gig tips and goes under; the log, the money, the strongbox: everything zig-zagging down into the sea.

The AA magazine between the two bridge heavies

goes up with a ripping of steel and a flash of purple flame. Max is down, his legs crumpled beneath him, a section of gun shield across his chest. Blood-clotted foam bubbles to his lips.

Davey tugs at the heavy weight, but Max stops him with fingertips cold as death.

"No use," he says. "The bitch will take me down with her. I know her. She'll not let me loose. Go on,

beat it. Go, while you can.

Davey rips off shreds of flash gear and dungarees still sticking to his blackened flesh. He kicks off his shoes, climbs over the wreckage, and stands at the outboard edge of the gun mount.

The ship lists badly now. Her starboard guns

hang over clear water.

Davey looks back at Max and waves a hand. Then he dives, a clean swan, like he was going off the high board at an inland pool.

The ship heels, farther, and trembles at the balance. Max chokes in the smoke, looks around at the tangled ladders, the shredded steel, the warped gun barrels, the shattered instruments. The body of the hard and bitter captain is slumped against a stanchion. His clear, lifeless eyes look out across the broken prow.

The ship is dying, all bloodied and torn, all burned and twisted. An X-Ray pennant flutters down across

Max's face. He wipes it away.

Farther she lists, farther, and then a giant tremor runs through her frame. She shudders, hesitates. Max feels the tortured deck pulse weakly beneath

"You bitch," he says aloud. But there is no anger in his voice, and finally, finally, he is smiling, at rest, as she rolls over on him, and within twenty seconds the Ship is down and gone.



BONUSES FOR MILLIONS



World War II veterans jammed the office of the Chicago Sun Personal Service Bureau where application blanks for Illinois' generous bonus

were made available on March 17. Mrs. Claire Landau, director of the Bureau reported that 5000 had been distributed in the first three hours

by Corp. Herbert Hart Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

THE veteran's bonus bandwagon is rolling through the nation playing a tune that is both expensive and attractive to a growing number of state legislatures. As of this writing, the lawmakers of eight states and two territories have hopped on and 14 more are seriously contemplating the same sort of ride.

The grand total of monies either approved for bonus payments or in the legislative mill comes to more than \$3,500,000,000. It will probably get bigger.

For many months scuttlebutt on the bonus question has been rampant, so *The Leatherneck* decided to determine the facts. A mail survey covering the 48 states, the territories of Alaska and Hawaii, the District of Columbia, the Canal Zone and Puerto

Rico was conducted. The replies have made possible the following comprehensive outline.

The 24 state and territorial programs now in effect, or in prospect, involve payments to veterans whose numbers include approximately 393,000 Marines and former Marines. Of these, 120,194 are receiving bonuses under laws already passed. The sums run from \$100 to \$900.

Bonus legislation has been approved in Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin, Alaska and Hawaii. It is pending in Delaware, Iowa, Minesota, Missouri, New Jersey. New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Indiana, and Texas.

Still other states may initiate bonus measures, although several have tried once and failed. Ten say definitely they will not have any.

Only those World War II veterans who have received dishonorable discharges are not eligible in any state that has, so far, enacted bonus legislation. Men still in service are included in most programs.

Illinois has the most generous setup to date. Every person who was a resident of that state when he entered the service and who was in service on or after September 16, 1940, and prior to September 3, 1945, is eligible for the benefits of its World War II Compensation Act. The law pays \$10 a month for Stateside duty and \$15 for overseas. Overseas means service in Alaska, Puerto Rico, the Bahamas, and any other point beyond the continental limits of the United States. The minimum payable bonus is \$50, and the maximum \$900.

The veteran is not required to do his own figuring, however. He merely needs to write his secretary of state, providing that official with his vital statistics, including name and address, date and place of birth, date and place of enlistment and or reenlistment, the organization served with, rank, serial number, and date, place and type of discharge if the applicant has returned to civilian life.

Dependents making application for the benefits of a deceased soldier or veteran must include the date and place of death, and the relationship between the applicant and the deceased. Most states with bonus laws permit the dependent to collect the bonus if the veteran died while in service or succumbed to a service-incurred disability. They usually allow the maximum bonus to be collected in this case, regardless of what the man would have gotten were he alive.

Any person who served in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, or any of their women's auxiliaries, is eligible. Some states also include the Red Cross, the USO, Public Health Service, Maritime Service, and duty in allied armed forces.

To establish residence in a state you must have lived there from six to twelve months immediately before your entry into service. Minors usually take the residence of their parents at the time of induction.

Time spent at the various service academies, for inactive service in reserve units, in the ROTC, or in training at colleges or universities does not count. Some states exclude any serviceman who did civilian work at civilian pay while on active duty, and others require a discharge in order to collect, refusing to pay a bonus to men still on active duty.

Remembering the period following the first World War, the Veterans Administration anticipated these bonus moves. If its first writing the GI Bill of Rights provided that anyone who took advantage of the bill and collected a state bonus too, would have to repay the VA for any benefits previously received up to the amount of the bonus received. Then in 1944 Congress revamped the measure and removed the pay-back clause.

One of the stories currently going the rounds concerns the possibility of another national bonus. Four measures have been introduced in the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C. All went to committee and were not heard from again. The Senate had no such bills under consideration.

Two of the suggested laws have been introduced by Representative George B. Schwabe, Oklahoma Republican, the first of which (HR 294) provides for the payment of \$3 daily for Stateside service and \$4 daily for overseas duty, from December 7, 1941, until the termination of hostilities." A \$100 minimum is set for Stateside duty with a \$3500 maximum, and a \$500 minimum for overseas duty with a \$4500 maximum. An additional \$500 is to be allowed for each wound, with the total payment not to exceed by \$500 the maximum allowed. Payments of \$300 or more are to be made in bonds, maturing ten years from the date of issuance.

Mr. Schwabe's other bill (HR 1889) would provide the same payments but would deduct the total amount of benefits received through the GI Bill, from the bonus a vet would receive. Payment will be made in bonds. The first of the national bonus bills (HR 262) was introduced by Representative John Lesinski, Michigan Democrat. It is similar to Mr. Schwabe's first bill, but would set the period of eligibility from December 7, 1941, to December 31, 1946. The day that it was introduced, Representative James H. Morrison, Democrat from Louisiana, introduced HR 500 which would provide for the same overseas payments, but cut Stateside payments to \$2 a day with a \$3000 maximum. The period of eligibility would run from December 7, 1941, until the termination of hostilities, and the bonus was to be paid in cash, rather than bonds.

All four of these programs are before the House Ways and Means committee. The chance of any becoming law is slim, since both President Truman and the Veterans Administrator have voiced opposition.

Vermont was the first state to give a bonus, and to date it has paid almost 34,000 claims, amounting to \$3,702,128.68. Unlike most states, which have levied extra taxes to collect the bonus money, Vermont was able to dip into a surplus and start paying off immediately. It is the only state which excludes officers from bonus compensation.

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Other New England states were quick to fall in line. New Hampshire started paying a \$100 maximum bonus. Rhode Island authorized a bonus in April, 1946, including the Merchant Marine in its list of eligibles. Massachusett's bonus was originally \$100, but subsequent amendments upped it to a \$200 maximum for Stateside duty and \$300 for overseas. A \$300 maximum bonus bill passed the Connecticut legislature, but a question concerning its constitutionality caused it to be referred to the state supreme court.

As the movement spread to the west, Michigan was one of the first states to take bonus action. She had expected to start paying last spring, but unusual spring floods inundated the commission's offices at Lansing, tossing a full-sized monkey wrench into the works. Latest reports indicate that payments

will start in November because of a tremendous backlog. Nearly 313,000 applications have poured into the offices, and a commission member reports that the office can not complete more than 60,000 a month.

"We expect it will be more than a year before we are processing current applications," the spokesman estimates. "By that time two-thirds of the veterans will be paid and the rush will be over."

While the rest of the states were still mulling the matter over, Alaska and Hawaii were moving ahead at full speed. Since Alaska's \$10 a month plan has yet to set an expiration date, the chances are that in a few months her plan will top even Illinois'. Hawaii has a limited compensation plan, paying

mits a veteran to borrow as much as \$13,500 from the state to purchase a farm, or \$7500 to buy a house. These sums may be payed back at 2.5 to 4 per cent interest in 40 years. There are also compensation plans and tax exemptions. For information, write The Department of Veterans' Affairs, Division of Service and Coordination, 1020 N Street, Sacramento 7, Cal.

COLORADO. 129,000 veterans including 5828 Marines. No bonus or other benefits. For information, write Franklin A. Thayer, State Service Officer, 468 Capitol Annex, Denver, Colo.

CONNECTICUT, 229,000 veterans including about 9000 Marines. A \$100 minimum and \$300 maximum

Veterans' benefits of \$3,500,000,000 have passed or are pending in 24 states

\$300 to veterans with a 10 per cent or higher dis-

The following state-by-state listing includes the number of veterans and Marines in each, together with the bonus and benefit plans for servicemen of World War II and the address of the agency concerned.

ALABAMA. 309,000 veterans including 10,646 Marines. No bonus. Department of Veterans Affairs reports: "There is some rumor that a bonus bill will be introduced in our next session of the legislature." Other benefits sponsored by the state include tax exemptions, reemployment and educational programs. For information, write Department of Veterans' Affairs, P. O. Box 1509, Montgomery 2, 'Alabama.

ALASKA. 5000 veterans including 30—Marines. Persons who were residents of Alaska for at least one year prior to their entry into service, who served at least one year from September 16, 1940, to the official termination of World War II, or less than one year if discharged because of a service-incurred disability, shall receive \$10 for each month of service. No bonus will be paid for enlistments or reenlistments after November 1, 1945, and those residents who do not return to Alaska upon discharge must have resided there for at least six years before entering the service to be eligible for the bonus. Men still in service cannot claim the bonus. Veterans will have the option of taking this plan or a loan program providing for loans from \$2500 to \$10,000 at 4 per cent interest, but cannot receive both a bonus and a loan. Applications should be addressed to the Alaska World War II Veterans' Board, Office of the Auditor, Juneau.

ARIZONA. 67,000 veterans including 2713 Marines. No bonus plan or other benefits for veterans. According to Dan E. Garvey, secretary of state, "Nothing was ever considered by the legislature." For information, write Dan E. Garvey, Secretary of State, Phoenix, Ariz.

ARKANSAS. 202,000 veterans including 6534 Maarines. Legislature adjourned without passing a bonus bill, but other benefits were approved. They include aid to the orphans of deceased veterans, educational subsidies for veterans taking certain courses and civil service merit ratings. For information, write The Arkansas Veterans' Service Office, War Memorial Building, Little Rock, Ark.

CANAL ZONE. 2000 veterans including 17 Marines. No local legislative government. Any benefits other than those provided by Veterans Administration must come through the U. S. Congress. Most residents of the Zone claim legal residence in one of the United States, therefore, the chance for a bonus in the Canal Zone are slim, since it would duplicate rights available to the veterans from their home states.

CALIFORNIA. 991,000 veterans including 36,662 Marines. No bonus law. However, a Farm and Home Purchase Act with a self-liquidating fund of \$210,000,000 was settled by the legislature. The act per-

bonus bill enacted into law is now before the state supreme court on a question of its constitutionality. It provides payments of from \$30 to \$300 for more than 90 days service in World War II and an appropriation of \$50,000,000 has been provided. Other state benefits include tax and license fee exemptions. For information, write Veterans' Reemployment and Advisory Commission, State Armory, Hartford 6, Conn.

DELAWARE. 330,000 veterans including about 9000 Marines. Three bills before the legislature to be acted upon at the next session provide bonuses of from \$120 to \$300. One of these, the senate bill, provides for a \$500 bonus. Medals and license and tax exemptions are benefits of this state. For information, write The Legislative Reference Bureau. Dover, Del.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. 108,000 veterans including 3780 Marines. No local legislature — falls into the same category with the Canal Zone. For information, write Government of the District of Columbia, Executive Offices, Washington 4, D. C.

FLORIDA. 237,000 veterans including 8956 Marines. No bonus. However compensation legislation soon may be introduced. Other state benefits are license exemptions, endowments and a state homestead program. Inquiries on the homestead program should be addressed to The Trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund, Tallahassee, Fla. Information on the other benefits may be obtained from R. C. Gray, Secretary of State, Tallahassee, Fla.

GEORGIA. 320,000 veterans including 10,607 Marines. No bonus. A bill providing for payments of \$7 monthly for Stateside service and \$10 for overseas duty to be financed by a \$40,000,000 allotment, was dropped by the senate after the house had passed it last spring. For information, write Department of Veterans' Affairs, 125 State Capitol, Atlanta, Ga.

HAWAII. 31,000 veterans including 38 Marines. A current bonus pays \$300 to residents who have at least a 10 per cent service-incurred disability. An appropriation of \$25,000 provides for the payment of freight charges on disabled veterans' automobiles transported from the mainland to Hawaii and a \$10,000 fund sets up small veteran cemeteries on all of the islands except Oahu. For information, write The Territorial Council of Veterans' Affairs, Building H, Iolani Palace Grounds, Honolulu 2, T.H.

IDAHO. 63,000 veterans including 2859 Marines. There will be no bonuses for at least two years. Veterans, however, receive preference in employment and a five point advantage in state job examinations. For information, write J. D. Cy Price, Secretary of State, Boise, Idaho.

ILUNOIS. 948,000 veterans including 48,061 Marines. Information on this state's generous bonus is given in detail at the beginning of this article. Other benefits are license and tax exemptions. Inquiries should go to the State Recognition Board, 218 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

BONUSES FOR MILLIONS (cont.)

INDIANA. 395,000 veterans including 15,360 Marines. The voters will determine the fate of a bonus and its financing in November 1948. Free lifetime hunting and fishing licenses, property poll, income tax exemptions, and burial allowances are among the other benefits of this state. For information, write Department of Veterans' Affairs, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

IOWA. 266,000 veterans including 10,301 Marines. The general election in November, 1948, will vote on the \$500 maximum Iowa bonus law which has passed both houses and been signed by the governor. It provides that every person who was a legal resident of Iowa for at least six months immediately before entering the service, and who served during the period from September 16, 1940, to September 2, 1945, shall be entitled to receive \$10 a month for Stateside duty and \$12.50 monthly for overseas. Dependents will receive \$500 regardless of the amount of time the deceased veteran served. Applications should be sent to the World War II Service Compensation Board, State Capitol, Des Moines, Iowa.

KANSAS. 203,000 veterans including 7412 Marines. The state legislature adjourned before taking action on a bonus bill which had been introduced. The director of veterans affairs stated, "Unless there is a special session of the legislature between now and January, 1949, there is no chance of such a law being passed in this state before that time." Other benefits include license fee and income tax exemptions, advantages in state job examinations, cash assistance for destitute veterans and burial allowances. For infogmation, write William Monypeny, Director of Veterans' Affairs, 801 Harrison St., Topeka, Kan.

KENTUCKY. 300,000 veterans including 10,382 Marines. All bonus bills defeated by General Assembly of 1946 session. Other benefits, however, were made available. These include license fee and renewal exemptions, tax extensions and scholarships to state educational institutions. For information, write ExServicemen's Board, West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

LOUISIANA. 266,000 veterans including 10,046 Marines. No bonus. The Department of Veterans' Affairs reports, "We do not contemplate a bonus for veterans." However, the old state capitol building will be converted into a servicemen's center. There will be a museum and offices for the various veteran organizations. For information, write Department of Veterans' Affairs, Baton Rouge 4, La.

MAINE. 99,000 veterans including 4141 Marines. A \$150 bonus had been set for veterans, but a referendum last September disapproved it. However, other benefits include poll tax, examination and license fee exemptions, aid to dependents and veterans' orphans, and a \$2,000,000 postwar planning program. For information, write Division of Veterans' Affairs, State House, Augusta, Me.

MARYLAND, 240,000 veterans including 7897 Marines. No bonus legislation was passed at this year's General Assembly, but Bill 572 authorized the governor to issue a medal and service ribbon bearing the state seal and colors to servicemen of World War II. For information, write Veterans' Commission, 8-10 South Street, Baltimore 2, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS. \$46,000 veterans including 23,925 Marines. A bonus of \$200 for veterans with at least six months of Stateside duty or \$300 to overseas servicemen. Applicants must have resided in Massachusetts for at least six months prior to their entrance into the service, and served between September 16, 1940 and the termination of the war. For information on this and other benefits, write Commissioner of Veterans' Services, State House, Boston, Mass. Applications for the bonus should be sent to the State Treasurer, Boston, Mass.

MICHIGAN. 650,000 veterans including 27,423 Marines. \$500 maximum bonus. All persons who were residents of the state for six months prior to their entrance into the service, and were in that service for more than 60 days between September 16, 1940, and June 30, 1946, can collect \$10 a month for Stateside duty or \$15 monthly for overseas service. Dependents of men killed in action are eligible for a flat \$500. For information, write Office of Veterans' Affairs 411-15 West Michigan Ave., Lansing 15, Mich.

MINNESOTA. 312,000 veterans including 12,821 Marines. A bonus bill providing \$152,000,000 has been passed by the legislature and will be subjected to a referendum vote in 1948, after which the method



of payment will be determined. Other benefits include aid and rehabilitation. For information, write Department of Veterans' Affairs, 400 Schubert Bldg., Wabasha & Exchange Sts., St. Paul 2, Minn.

MISSISSIPPI. 225,000 veterans including 8163 Marines. No bonus. The state, however, provides a \$5,000,000 farm and home purchase program which lends up to \$4000 for the purchase of property. These loans may be repaid at 4 per cent interest in as much as 20 years. For information, write Jack Dale, Executive Secretary, Veterans' Farm and Home Board, Box No. 115, Jackson, Miss.

MISSOURI. 419,000 veterans including 17,165 Marines. Six bonus bills in committee but no action has been reported on them. A bonus is expected, however, since this state paid a bonus in 1919. For information, write State Service Office, State Office Bldg., Jefferson City, Mo.

MONTANA. 64,000 veterans including 3186 Marines. Secretary of State, Sam W. Mitchell, announces, "No contemplated legislation now or in the future to provide a state bonus for veterans." For information, write Secretary of State, Capitol Bldg., Helena, Mont.

NEBRASKA. 134,000 veterans including 4585 Marines. Opposed by veterans' organizations, the bonus bill introduced at the last session of the legislature was killed in committee. However, veterans may take advantage of an \$8,000,000 indigent veteran trust fund established for emergency. For information, write Department of Veterans' Affairs, State House, Lincoln, Neb.

NEVADA. 20,000 veterans including 729 Marines. No bonus. There is, however, a \$1000 property tax exemption on holdings under \$4000. For information, write Veterans' Service Commission, Room 3, Washoe County Library Bldg., Reno, Nev.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. 57,000 veterans including 2436 Marines. Any person who was a citizen of New Hampshire when entering the service, served honorably for more than 90 days between December 8, 1941, and December 31, 1946, and is discharged, is entitled to \$10 for each month of service, not to exceed \$100. Dependents of deceased veterans can claim payment. Other benefits include poll tax exemptions, a \$1000 property tax exemption and license fee exemptions. For information, write The Adjutant General, State House, Concord, N. H.

NEW JERSEY. 539,000 veterans including 20,875 Marines. A plan to pay veterans \$1 a day for Stateside duty and \$1.50 a day for overseas duty, with a \$300 Stateside maximum and an \$800 overseas maximum was referred to committee, but there is little likelihood that it will ever become law. The Governor feels that other more important veteran projects should be carried out first. Other benefits include a \$3000 loan plan and license and exam exemptions. For information, write Division of Veterans' Services, Department of Economic Development, 520 East State St., Trenton, N. J.

NEW MEXICO. 66,000 veterans including 2158 Marines. A bill which provides for the payment of \$500 to all veterans who were residents of the state on January 1, 1947, has been passed by the legislature and will be voted on at the next special or general election. As an alternative to the \$500 bonus, the veteran may take a \$2000 property tax exemption. For information, write Veterans' Adminis-



Connecticut's Governor, James L. McConaughy, fulfilled one of his campaign pledges when he signed the Veterans' Bonus Bill. It is now before the supreme court on a question of its constitutionality

Home loan plans, tax and license exemptions and educational subsidies

are veteran benefits offered by many states

tration, Contact Office, 208 East Marcy St., Santa Fe, N. Mex.

NEW YORK. 1,646,000 veterans including 56,819 Marines. A bill to go before the referendum in November provides that all residents of New York for more than six months before their entrance into service, and who served for 60 days or less from December 7, 1941, to September 2, 1945, shall receive \$50. For more than 60 days of service veterans will be paid \$150, and for service of any duration outside of the country, the bonus is \$250. The veteran must still be a resident of New York and payments are to begin as soon after January 1, 1948, as possible. For information on the bonus and a large number of other benefits, write the Division of Veterans' Affairs, 112 State St., Albany 7, N. Y.

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NORTH CAROUNA. 376,000 veterans including 13,400 Marines. No bonus. Information on other benefits can be obtained from the Veterans' Commission, Box 2187, Raleigh, N. C.

NORTH DAKOTA. 66,000 veterans including 1984 Marines. A concurrent resolution to pay a total of \$27,000,000 in bonuses to its veterans will be voted upon by the electors in June, 1948. Other benefits include loans without interest to needy veterans. For information, write Department of Veterans' Affairs, 55½ Broadway, P. O. Box 1287, Fargo, N. D.

OHIO. 857,000 veterans including 33,910 Marines. A bill will be submitted to a general vote in November, providing that residents of Ohio who served in the armed forces for 90 days or more from December 7, 1941, to September 2, 1945, shall receive \$10 for each Stateside month of duty and \$15 a month for overseas service. The maximum will be \$400 and

applications will have to be filed before July 1, 1950. Information may be obtained from the Division of Soldiers' Claims Veterans' Affairs, Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus 15, Ohio.

OKLAHOMA. 257,000 veterans including 9329 Marines. No bonus. Three bills have been introduced into the Legislature without favorable action. Other benefits include an emergency loan fund, income and property tax exemptions and assistance to the children of destitute veterans. Information can be obtained from the Soldiers' Relief Commission, P. O. 3067, State Capitol Station, Oklahoma City 5, Okla.

OREGON. 146,000 veter ans including 5901 Marines. No bonus. Other benefits include a \$3000 farm and home loan plan and a \$35 a month education assistance payment. For information, write the Department of Veterans' Affairs, State Library Bldg., Salem, Oregon.

PENNSYLVANIA. 1,289,000 veterans including 50,872 Marines. House Bill 161, to be voted on at the election in 1949, provides that all persons who were residents of the state before entering the service, and who served in American or allied armed forces for at least 60 days between December 7, 1941, and September 2, 1945, shall be paid \$10 for each month of Stateside duty and \$15 monthly for overseas service, with a \$500 maximum. Payment is not expected to begin until 1950, and applications may be addressed to the Adjutant General, Department of Military Affairs, Harrisburg, Pa.

PUERTO RICO. 59,000 veterans including 14 Marines. No bonus because of unstable economic conditions. For information on other benefits write the Legislative Reference Bureau, San Juan.

RHODE ISLAND. 92,000 veterans including 2744 Marines. A flat \$200 bonus is being paid to veterans if they served for any length of time between September 16, 1940, and September 2, 1945, providing they resided in the state for six months before they entered the service. This bonus also applies to the Merchant Marine. Applications can be obtained from the Secretary of State, Providence, R. I.

SOUTH CAROLINA. 193,000 veterans including 6631 Marines. The legislature adjourned without providing either bonuses or other benefits for its veterans. Information may be obtained from the State Service Officer, 101 to 103 Calhoun State Office Bldg., Columbia, S. C.

SOUTH DAKOTA. 64,000 veterans including 2159 Marines. A bonus resolution passed by the legislature and to be voted on at the general election next year, provides that residents who served for at least 90 days between December 7, 1941, and September 2, 1945, shall be paid 50c for each day of Stateside duty and 75c for each day of overseas service, with a \$500 Stateside maximum and a \$650 overseas maximum. For information, write the Veterans' Commission, Pierre, S. D.

TENNESSEE. 327,000 veterans including 11,221 Marines. No bonus. Information on forthcoming programs may be obtained from The Division of Veterans' Affairs, 323 Seventh Ave., North, Nashville 3, Tenn.

TEXAS. 794,000 veterans including 29,518 Marines. Two bonus bills with \$500 maximums are still awaiting the action of the legislature. A \$5000 farm or home purchase loan board, lends money to veterans at 4 per cent interest with 40 years to repay. Information concerning these benefits may be obtained from the Veterans' State Service Officer, Land Office Bldg., Austin 14, Tex.

UTAH. 77,000 veterans including 3226 Marines. No bonus. Other benefits include a \$6000 property tax exemption and a \$2700 income tax exemption if unmarried, or a \$3300 exemption if married. For information, write Veterans' Division, Department of Public Welfare, 312 Newhouse Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

VERMONT. 36,000 veterans including 1527 Marines. The first state to offer a bonus, Vermont pays \$10 for each month of service, not exceeding a 12-month payment, to all residents who served in the armed forces in an enlisted status after September 11, 1941. A \$4,000,000 fund from a surplus has provided the money for the 34,000 claims which have been paid. Applications and information may be obtained from the Adjutant General, 126 State St., Montpelier, Vt.

VIRGINIA. 321,000 veterans including 9835 Marines. A bonus bill is expected to become law as soon as the new legislature convenes. A 1946 bill was defeated in committee. Details on forthcoming bills, and on present benefits including various tax and license exemptions may be obtained from the Division of War Veterans' Claims, Capitol Building, Richmond, Va.

WASHINGTON. 221,000 veterans including 8529 Marines. Several bonus bills were introduced into the legislature, but they were shelved and no action has been taken on them. There has been some talk of an initiative bonus measure in the 1948 election, but there is no definite word on this. Information may be obtained by writing the Department of Veterans' Affairs, Olympia, Wash.

WEST VIRGINIA. 209,000 veterans including 9389 Marines. No bonus nor other benefits. For information, write T. H. McGovran, Department of Veterans' Affairs, 1814 Washington Street, East, Charleston 1, W. Va.

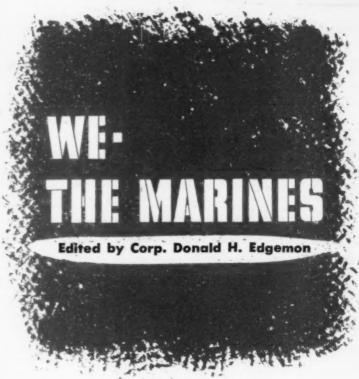
WISCONSIN. 324,000 veterans including 14,479 Marines. All persons who were residents of Wisconsin for at least one year before entering the service and served for at least 90 days between August 27, 1940, and December 31, 1946, can claim payments of \$10 monthly for Stateside duty and \$15 monthly for overseas. There is a Stateside maximum of \$250, and \$500 for overseas. Payment will be made in quarterly installments beginning in 1956 and all applications must be filed before July 1, 1960. For information, write Department of Veterans' Affairs, State Capitol, Madison 2, Wis.

WYOMING. 31,000 veterans including 1279 Marines. No bonus. Other benefits include a \$2000 ad valorem property tax exemption, poll tax exemptions and advantages in state job examinations. Details may be obtained from the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, Cheyenne, Wyo.



Michigan's first four bonus checks were presented to veterans L. B. Chrouch, Dale L. Councilman, Lura L. Clark and Maureen J. Schneider by Governor Kim Sigler and Murl K. Aten, auditor general





Marine Lieutenant Donald Tardif and his bride pause to catch their breath after out-running 11 other contestants in the annual race altar following recent graduation exercises at Annapolis

Apprenticed in '94

Things have changed, of course, but time was when a recruit could enlist in the Corps and escape boot camp. There is still some doubt, however, whether boot training of today would not have been an easier course than the old Corps plan of ap-prenticing boots to salty NCO's for individual in-

Back in 1894, when the entire outfit consisted of about 2000 men, and a recruit was almost a curiosity. Christian Steffin became a Marine. The fact that he was only 15 years old spared him none of the rugged details of his apprenticeship, but when he had completed his instruction his youth doomed him to field music. Later, when he was considered old enough, Steffin was transferred to sea duty.

After 29 years of service in Cuba, Nicaragua, Haiti, Santo Domingo, the Philippines and China he was discharged in 1923 as a sergeant major. He returned to Florida, his home state, and remained there until the beginning of World War II. Following Pearl Harbor, he felt an urge to return to the Marine Corps. Parris Island offered him a job in its carpenter

shop, a post he hastily accepted.

Today, at the age of 68, "Pop" Steffin enjoys recounting stories of the old days when the lookout had to be lashed to his post on the top of the sighting tower in order that his hands might be free to measure the shots.

"It was rough duty," says Pop. "But the fellows in those days made the Corps' reputation, and the younger ones are doing a wonderful job of upholding it.

And Pop should know. He's seen the Old Corps and the new

Peanuts for Snow Jobs

On a street corner near the Army-Navy YMCA in Honolulu, an ancient Chinese pitchman sells peanuts. He doesn't do a spiel, but he does have the carnival characteristic of confidentially whispering propositions to his customers. His peanut business is legitimate and he may make a small profit on his

sales, but it's a safer bet that the transactions resulting from his quiet conversations with Marines net him a larger take.

Some of these Marines have been evacuated from China where Chinese national currency is actually worth less than the paper on which it is printed. Recently, when two one hundred dollar bills were valued at less than one American cent, these men found themselves in the Pacific islands, their pockets stuffed with practically worthless money.

Marines in Honolulu, therefore, were surprised when the peanut man was willing to buy the bills or trade nuts for them, offering more merchandise

than the money would ordinarily purchase.

The curiosity of Lieutenant Dick Hodgson, a Marine Corps correspondent, was aroused and he asked the Oriental why he wanted the Chinese bills. Souvenirs," replied the peanut vender.

Further interrogation revealed that the bills are again sold by the Chinese middleman to Army and Navy boots, fresh from the States. They pay a liberal price for the currency and, never having been to China, they use it to substantiate their snow jobs when they return home.

Affairs of State

Ex-Marine James H. Naile, St. Paul, Ind., will readily admit that Los Angeles was a fine liberty town when he was doing duty there. But for a man who is now foot loose and fancy free from the Corps, it's not the same old "haven in Heaven"cially if the girl he wants to marry lives in New Zealand.

Before leaving Indiana for the west coast, Naile had written to a steamship line for transportation to New Zealand. The company warned him that since the War Shipping Administration still con-

diately set out for L.A. After finding a room he called on the steamship lines, then the passport office, and finally the British Legation. This became a daily routine. The answer was always the same: "It takes time, fella."

trolled all passages, there might be a delay.

This news failed to discourage Naile. He imme-

State Department representatives gave him the necessary forms and the dismal news that it might be a month before his papers could be cleared. The War Shipping Administration, in answer to his inquiry, wrote that if he could get a passport and visa arranged, they might find him a bunk on a "bride's ship." His passport had been filed; there was nothing left to do but wait.

Several days later he received an official envelope from Washington, D. C. It contained his passport, a group of papers concerning inoculations and a scrawled note with this message:

Hello Naile:

Remember those days in Quantico? Well, Ben Wright, J. T. Riley, Arnold Wofford and yours truly are now back in college giving 'em

As a part-time employee of the State Department, I had the good fortune of fixing your passport.

Lots of luck on your marriage venture.

Max M. Turner, ex-Pl. Sgt.

Washington, D. C.

Naile married the girl from New Zealand and they are now living in St. Paul. "Incidentally," said Naile, "we are expecting

our heir. I can point to Max and say 'Yep, Max, you helped.'"

Mistaken Identity

World War II has provided many humorous memories which will be treasured for a long time by the men concerned, but ex-Marine Thomas Giordano's embarrassing moment on Peleliu is one incident he would like to forget.

Giordano was a master technical sergeant with an FMF unit on Peleliu when the island was secured. Following this eventful day, he was enjoying a peaceful hike through the jungles at the northwest end of the hot and rugged island.

After wandering along for nearly a half hour,



The first Marine to complete college under the GI Bill while on active duty is First Lieutenant Richard Sheridan, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was awarded a diploma from Fordham University by Cardinal Spellman as Father Gannon and Lieutenant Colonel Michael Currin look on approvingly

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Giordano suddenly stopped in his tracks. A short distance away, near the water's edge, stood a figure. The man appeared to be a Jap.

Under cover of a thicket the Marine kept an eye on his prey and studied the situation. He had left his carbine back at the base and was now faced with a choice of either going back to the area for a weapon and assistance, or attempting to capture the suspect.

A retreat might mean losing his prey, and since his intended captive was of slighter build than himself, he decided on the latter course.

Picking up the largest club in sight, he crept up behind his suspect. As he raised the club to strike, the surprised enemy did an about face and with outstretched arms, in a pleading manner, began to jabber:
"Me cook, me cook."

From the answers to numerous questions. Giordano learned that the man was a cook at the admiral's mess. However, the Marine was taking no chances. He knew the Japs' reputation for cunning tactics. Furthermore, this man bore all the characteristics of a Jap. He marched his prisoner down the trail with arms raised high. Upon reaching camp, one of the admiral's aides ran up and demanded to know the meaning of the Marine's conduct.

Giordano's captive turned out indeed to be an Anguarian native who had served well by divulging military information to our assault forces during the battle for the Palaus and later became a cook

at the admiral's camp.

Luckily enough, the Marine policeman did not receive extra police duty for his erring vigilance.

A Lot of Bunk

When Captain Robert A. Morehead, of the Provost Marshall's office at Quantico, was a sergeant at San Diego back in 1937, he lost a lot of sleep—and it wasn't because he was worrying about his platoon of boots. He was trying to cram his six-foot five-inch frame into a regulation sack.





Thomas Creighton, editor of the Progressive Architecture Magazine, honors ex-Marine Captain Gordon Drake with an award for his progress

in designing better low-cost homes at a dinner in New York attended by hundreds of America's most distinguished architects and planners

After too many sleepless nights, the tired sergeant decided to take his problem to his buddies in the quartermaster shed. Here, they cut the spring frame in two, spliced an eleven-inch piece on each side and added two lengths of spring chain. The result was a sack with plenty of length. The mattress problem was solved by placing a pillow at the lower end.

This tailor-made bunk was to have accompanied him upon transfer, but the war placed restrictions on ship's stowage. Consequently, when the sergeant went overseas, it was left behind. And to the best of his knowledge it's still in the QM shed at San Diego, unless, of course, another long sergeant has acquired it.

Today, the captain is again putting up with regulation sacks, but this is a temporary arrangement. His father, down in Westminster, S. C., has informed him that there's a brand new, solid red cedar seven-footer waiting for him when he comes home to stay.

Homes for Veterans

Thousands of World War II veterans are still waging a battle with the housing shortage. Many of the nation's best architects and builders have made futile attempts to build low-cost homes, but ex-Marine Captain Gordon Drake, a Los Angeles architect, has solved the problem.

Using veteran labor only, Drake designed and built a home that has a terrace, lily pool, clerestory windows and built-in features at the reasonable cost of \$4500. It won the Progressive Architecture Award for "private residence constructed during 1946 in the United States, which best exemplifies sound progress in design."

In making the award, judges noted the house proved that an inviting and livable home could be constructed at a reasonable cost despite the restrictions prevailing during 1946.

Louis Soltanoff, former Marine major, is Drake's partner and building engineer. They have organized a home building firm for the purpose of constructing similar inexpensive houses for ex-GIs.

Reunion in Chicago

Marine veterans of World War I had the long-awaited opportunity of again seeing their comrades who had fought with them in France, when they met recently at a mid-western reunion sponsored by Marine Corps Post 273, American Legion. Many veterans of World War II were among the thousands of Marines from 20 different states who moved in on the city of Chicago.

The reunion included a formal banquet attended by the Commandant, General A. A. Vandegrift; Major General Clifton B. Cates, Commanding General of Quantico, and Brigadier Generals Christian F. Schilt and G. C. Thomas. Also present were Senator C. Wayland Brooks of Ill.; two Medal of Honor winners, John H. Leims and Joseph Mc-Carthy, and Colonel Chester Fordney, USMC (ret'd).

General Vandegrift spoke against unfounded criticism of the military and urged that former Marines "support a strong and adequate defense by your votes and by your active support of both the regular service and the Marine Corps Reserve."

If She Were a He

Editors are always getting screwy ideas. Just the other day a Washington, D. C. reporter started out on a somewhat bewildering assignment. He had orders from his boss to accost six young ladies and find out what careers they would have chosen if they had been of the opposite sex.

One dimunitive lass stated that if she had been a man she would have liked to have been a football player. Other female notions showed a preference for journalism, exploring, baseball and aviation.

When the reporter confronted Miss Juanita

When the reporter confronted Miss Juanita Murphy, a student from Cottage City, Md., she promptly asserted:

"I'd join the Marine Corps. I've always thought a Marine was a real man and if I were a man, I would like to belong to that outfit. To me they are the ideal Americans. I'd get to wear that nice uniform, travel around the world and have all the girls fluttering after me. If I were a man there wouldn't be any recruiting problem "

be any recruiting problem."
(Note to Miss Murphy: Recruiting sergeants have been kicking that uniform angle around for a long time.)

A Marine's Faith

First Lieutenant Benjamin Toland of Concord, N.H., lost his life while serving with the Fourth Division on Iwo Jima, but he never lost faith in mankind. Several days after his death, fellow officers found a pencilled will — a testament of his faith in the future.

In his will, Toland expressed the desire to have his small estate, valued at approximately \$6000, divided among the following organizations "to promote research toward solution of contemporary problems."

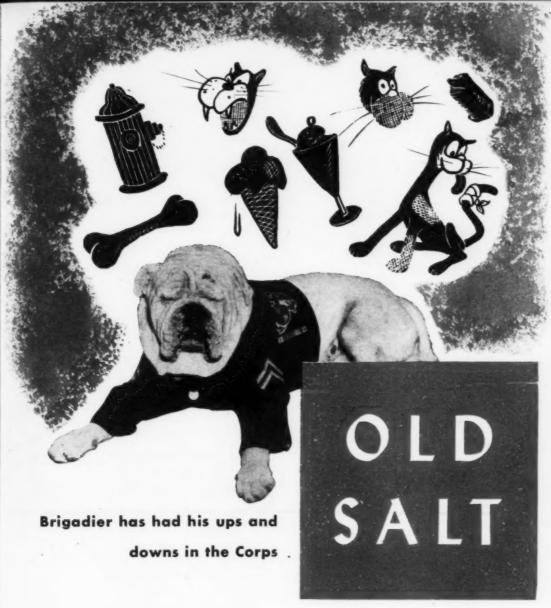
St. Paul High School, \$1200; Yale University, \$600; Congress of the United States, \$1200; the Protestant Episcopal Church and the New York Times Christmas Charity, \$300 each; the Congress of Industrial Organization and the American Federation of Labor, \$600 each, and the National Association of Manufacturers, \$1200.

With its share of the estate, the Manufacturers Association is establishing two annual research studies on ways and means by which employers may assist employes in meeting outstanding current problems. This association has also allocated \$16,000 for the printing and distributing of "Lieut. Toland Memorial Research Studies" throughout libraries, colleges, scientific societies and other organizations.

In speaking of the lieutenant, a Marine buddy later said:

"I was with Ben on Iwo. His platoon was already in its position. And no one ordered him to take command of the other platoon. He just knew that the officer was wounded — and that somebody had to do the job. He charged the ridge, took it and was laying out air markers when the Jap mortar shell hit. That's the story. He just figured somebody had to do the job."

He died as he had lived — serving mankind beyond the call of duty.



by Captain W. J. Stamper

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BOUT the best way to meet Corporal Brig-adier for the first time is through the public prints, as you are doing now. It is one method of avoiding a situation like the one Corporal Brig-adier might create were you to suddenly appear on the naval base at San Pedro with something less than a Sherman tank to protect your rear. Corporal Brigadier is a salty old dog, with an unimproved temper and a tendency to become confused as to the proper technique in winning friends and influencing people.

Corporal Brigadier is not merely the title of our mascot, it's his full name. For short we call him Brig. The picture shows him performing his daily duty—sleeping near the sergeant of the guard's sack in the guard house. The dress blue uniform, with the campaign ribbons (Brig has had campaigns, believe me) are special, put on for the picture by some of Brig's buddies after a certain amount of careful cajolery.

To start at the beginning, Brig was presented to the San Pedro Marines by the police force of Burbank when he was two years old. He was formally enlisted at that time, May 20, 1942, and given a record book. The record book shows he is an English bull measuring a foot and a half in height and weighing 80 pounds when not stuffed with beef and cream pie.

They made a lot of fuss about him at first, but Brig was soon to find out that even for a tough bulldog, a Marine's life is not just made up of wearing a nice uniform, and fighting. There was fighting to be done, but in the right time and place. Brig never could estimate the situation and decide what the right time and place was, Whenever a strange dog, cat or soldier was found fooling around the Marine Barracks, which is Brig's private preserve, he was in for trouble. Brig believed in jumping first and checking credentials later.

His first taste of discipline was dished out the

day he gave the white sheets a go on the sack of the

Officer of the Day. He found them quite comfortable, but not his private preserve. The OD first noticed his ugly head peacefully resting on the freshly-laundered pillow. Brig knows enough to take kindly to rough treatment by the right people. He was yanked down without ceremony and given a soaking with the fire hose. It was very disconcerting for a dog of Brig's liver.

But those were war days and he soon distinguished himself when in a mimic surprise attack by Army troops against the naval air station at midnight, he gave the alarm and almost tore the trousers off two Army scouts who had foolishly infiltrated into the station. They beat a hurried retreat over the high wire fence and were seized by Marines as prisoners. His alertness had saved the station. For this piece of fine work he was made a PFC and allowed to attend the movies with the third relief of the guard.

This sudden promotion and added privilege went to Brig's head - rank conscious they call it in the Marines. He began to get a little too cocky again. So it was only a matter of time when he appeared before the Commanding Officer. The report slip against him was made out by Sergeant Laskey. It read:

Report against Private First Class Brigadier. Offenses (1) Direct disobedience of orders (interference with the Sergeant of the Guard in the performance of his duties). (2) Failure to carry out orders; in that, "While taking a dispatch to the Barracks, he approached Government vehicle No. 370 and began to sound off in a loud voice, that when he was told to shove off he disregarded the order and continued to create a disturbance

For this piece of insolence he received 30 days

restriction. This meant no more going to the movies; no more going down to the Navy bakery on Thursdays to have the cook give him a whole cream pie, which he loved dearly to smear over his face and eyes; no more candy bars the fellows used to give him over at the Post Exchange.

This punishment had the desired effect. During the ensuing months he was the model of all that a good Marine should be. As a reward one day the following order came out. Of all things Brigadier was about to be made a non-commissioned officer. He could wear two chevrons and bark at the recruits when they were drilling, just like any crusty drill instructor. This was a privilege that only a non-com could have. The order went like this:

POST PROMOTION ORDER 125-43

"For services rendered this command as mascot, for his diligent performance of duty in the daily and nightly capacity of port and starboard watch; fierce challenging, and perpetual alertness for all intruders, motorcycles, cars, strange dogs and cats near this barracks, the following promotion is hereby ordered effective TO CORPORAL, LYING DOWN DUTY,

PFC BRIGADIER. ned W. J. STAMPER CAPTAIN, COMMANDING Signed

Well, Brig couldn't long stand such prosperity. His name and picture soon appeared in The Los Angeles Examiner and the Long Beach Independent. The headlines screamed the disgraceful news: "Brig In The Brig" and "Devil Dog Behind Bars."

"Pacing the narrow confines of his cell at the Marine Barracks yesterday," said one notice, "the prisoner glowered menacingly at guards and growled his disapproval of the charges against him. Trouble just seems to keep pushing in and out of the in-carcerated corporal's life. Fifty scars on the right side and twenty seven on the left side of his head attest to his many fighting escapades. His right leg has been broken and medical reports at the sick bay disclose that his sturdy back has been bitten, banged, kicked and soiled. His career seems to be fights, fights and more fights."

Varied opinions were expressed.

"Brig was within the scope of his assigned duties as mascot of this barracks," Gunner Mitchell con-

"Brig's past record is against him in this case," said Major Howard, the Executive Officer. After a fair shifting of the facts the Commanding

Officer felt it his duty to bring Brig to trial by Deck Court on charges of assaulting and seriously chewing up the ears and hides of five peaceful canine visitors from the Receiving Station. Then a surprise witness, on furlough when the investigation was made, appeared at the last moment in his defense. First Sergeant James L. Sumar testified that he personally saw three of the dogs attack Brig in the initial phases of the combat; that in his studied opinion it was something like the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor; that it was a plain case of self defense. Maybe Sumar was biased but at any rate his testimony won a verdict of "not guilty."

The Brig Warden congratulated Brig on his acquittal by shaking his paw when he came back

to the jail for his personal effects - a uniform blouse

and a half chewed bone.

Today the memories of past escapades are gradually fading into limbo. Brig grows older, and if his temper is just as bad it is, at least more under control. He hunts no more for dogs and cats, contenting himself with sinking his teeth into ice cream pie and juicy candy bars, and sitting on the parade ground testily blinking at the boys as they march

These things have come to be a part of him. He retires at the sound of "Taps" and awakes, growling and barking, at "Reveille." Everyone hopes the reformed Brigadier has many more years to stay with them. He is a staff sergeant now, given to riding the truck with the Quartermaster when that worthy goes to draw rations. He can be trusted that far. But better be sure to be an Authorized Person when you walk by the guardhouse, and don't go slapping the sergeant of the guard on the back even if he is a buddy. Make sure Brig is a buddy too. He might not understand quickly enough to save your



A perfectly coordinated Search and Rescue team is this fast-moving combination of power boat and PBY. Based in coastal areas, these teams can put out to sea at a moment's notice

by PFC Paul W. Hicks, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

HE airport at Gander, Newfoundland, was shrouded in fog, and a cold, drizzling rain had dropped the ceiling close to zero. The regular flight from Brussels had been ordered to a clearer field south of the international airport, and at 4 A.M. on 18 September, 1946, radio contact with the huge superliner was broken.

Everyone knows the story. After several hours

Everyone knows the story. After several hours the plane, carrying 45 passengers, had failed to make contact with the other field. The airliner was missing. At 9:30 A.M. a TWA pilot radioed Gander that a heap of wreckage had been sighted, lying in a huge swath cut into the forest, 22 miles south of the field. Circling, he had managed to identify a section of the tail assembly as that of the missing Belgian airliner. He reported the exact location of the wreck, and then signed off to continue his flight.

That brief radio message launched a rescue operation that was to electrify the world and bring into prominence a little-known organization that had spent years preparing for just such an emergency—the Coast Guard's Search and Rescue agency. Through the medium of press and radio, all eyes turned to barren Newfoundland. In its muddy forest wastelands Search and Rescue came into its own with one of the most spectacular rescue operations in aviation history.

Drawing upon its wartime experience in the field of mercy missions, and the tremendous store of

THE DITCH DOCTORS

efficient equipment, Search and Rescue utilized every means at its command to bring about a swift rescue of 18 passengers who had survived the crash. Years of experimenting, developing, and the training of personnel in procedure and method of search and rescue, paid off in the five hazardous days it took to complete the operation.

The instant the wreckage had been spotted a call went out to the S & R units at Argentia, 150 miles to the south. The call was relayed to New York and Washington, and radio, telephone, and telegraph cracked out swift, concise orders, alerting

the entire Northeastern command.

From nearby Fort McAndrew a rescue team, under the command of Army Captain Samuel P. Martin, and including Army and Coast Guard personnel, was dispatched overland to the scene of the crash. Planes from Argentia and Gander circled the wreckage, dropping food, rescue kits, walkie-talkie radios, and instructions to the survivors. A complete survey of the surrounding area was made, and an important decision was made.

Near the wreckage was a small clearing of muddy ground, the only open land within 20 miles. Five miles away was Wolf Lake. Through the handy walkie-talkies the rescuers learned that almost all of the 18 passengers still alive were injured too seriously to attempt to walk out or to be carried over the miles of rough, wild country. They had to be flown out, but there was no ground within miles upon which an ordinary plane could land or take off. They decided to use helicopters from the clearing to the lake, and jet assisted PBY's from there to the field at Gander.

Two Coast Guard Rescue 'copters were available, but one was at Floyd Bennet Field, N. Y., and the other at Elizabeth City, N. C. Emergency crews of mechanics were broken out. They dismantled the craft and flew them to Gander in Army transports. There they were reassembled in the record time of six and one-half hours.

In the meantime, the overland party had reached the scene, and under the direction of Capt. Martin, was administering medical aid to the injured, and comforting all of the half-frozen, bedraggled survivors. Acting on directions radioed to them from the circling planes, they gathered wood planks dropped from the air, and constructed a crude, tiny landing field for the helicopters at the clearing near the wreck. Then, all in readiness, the first helicopter dropped slowly onto the boards, almost two days after the original call for help had gone out. To the exhausted victims it had seemed like two years, but in reality the initial steps of the operation had been accomplished in the shortest possible time.

For the next two days the 'copters, flown by Coast Guard Lieutenants August Kleisch, and Walter C. Bolton, alternated at the crude landing field, picked up the litter cases, one by one, and ferried them to the lake. There rubber boats took them to the waiting PBY's on the water, and they were finally flown out of the wilderness to the safety of the hospital at Gander. Only darkness interrupted the perilous flights, and dawn saw them resumed with as much speed as the condition of the injured allowed.

Although two of the more seriously injured pas-

sengers later died in the hospital, 16 lives had been saved where more delay, and inefficient rescue work, could have lost them all.

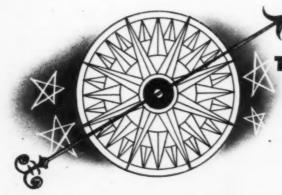
The S & R agency was born four years ago, during the early days of World War II. It matured with battle experience, and perfected itself through hundreds of minor operations after the close of hostilities. The history behind Search and Rescue is as interesting and exciting as that of any branch of the armed forces, and although still young in years, it is rapidly taking its place in the field of peacetime aviation.

Before America's entry into World War II, there was no established air-sea rescue system in this country other than the regular Coast Guard surface patrol. This handled only the coastal areas. Comparatively few planes crossed the oceans other than those on established commercial runs. Any crashes or forced landings usually occurred along the shipping lanes which the commercial flights followed. In an emergency, an SOS brought swift response from ships in the vicinity, and little consideration was given the use of coordinated plane and ship action in rescue work.

However, during the battle of Britain, in 1940 and 1941, daily air action over the English Channel resulted in many "ditchings" (crash landings) in that choppy stretch of water, particularly between Dover and Calais, where the Nazis concentrated their aerial offensive. The hard pressed RAF soon recognized the need of an efficient rescue system, and a unique method was put into effect.

and a unique method was put into effect.

Civilians, armed with powerful binoculars, were stationed on the chalk cliffs overlooking the channel



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A Coast Guard helicopter maneuvering for a tricky landing during the rescue of 18 survivors of the Gander plane crash



A Search and Rescue PBY takes aboard another injured passenger, en route from the crash scene to the hospital

THE DITCH DOCTORS (cont.)

to spot the fall of stricken planes. Local Coastal Command stations were notified by phone, and they dispatched powerful speed boats to pick up survivors at the scene of the crash. From this crude beginning emerged the British Air Sea Rescue unit. By its alert, efficient action hundreds of otherwise doomed fliers were returned to bolster the depleted ranks of the RAF in its death struggle with the Luftwaffe.

Activated in May, 1940, Air Sea Rescue was soon an integral part of the British defense system. In September of the following year, a deputy director-



A Coast Guard helicopter demonstrates new sea-air cooperation in rescue work

ate of air sea rescue was established under the British Directorate General of Aircraft Safety. Through a now unified command the responsibility was placed jointly upon fighter, coastal, and naval commands. When the action spread over a wider area — offensive strikes into France, Germany and the North Sea—flying boats and especially equipped land planes were utilized for the longer runs.

The organization increased in range and numbers until, by the end of the war, working in a close cooperation with similar American units, they blanketed all operations from the British Isles. Their efficiency record still stands as an inspiration to the present-day world-wide Search and Rescue organizations.

organizations.

While working with the British reque units in England, American observers gathered valuable information later converted into lifesaving techniques in the Pacific battle areas. During the first American offensive operation, at Guadalcanal, air power was at its lowest ebb and shortages of men and ships gripped the hard-pressed fliers. Every man was valuable and it was essential that the survivors of ditchings be rescued to fly again.

Lumbering LSF's (Ducks) were the first planes used directly for rescue missions in the Guadalcanal area. Marine Major Joe Renner was outstanding in the field of search and rescue, flying the two-seater assigned to his squadron. Many other daring pilots operated along the same lines in the early days of the Pacific war, until the great need for organized rescue work became apparent to men in responsible positions.

They realized that the slow, virtually unarmed "Ducks" were insufficient for the tremendous task of rescuing downed airmen. Being only two-place jobs, these clumsy aircraft were incapable of picking up the crew of a Flying Fortress or Liberator, and many valuable men were being needlessly sacrificed because of a lack of proper rescue facilities.

A solution was found in the Catalina flying boat. Big, roomy, and fairly maneuverable, Catalinas were ideal for picking up large bomber crews, and although slow in flight, their armor was sufficient to warrant use in the dangerous battle area.

In December of 1942 an air-sea rescue unit was set up, operating in the Espiritu Santo and Tulagi areas. More Catalinas began arriving from the States, and they soon became invaluable. Early in 1943 the unit was organized along more formal lines and began spreading its wings over the rapidly expanding Pacific theatre of American operations. It was then that the famous nickname "Dumbo" came into use.

An operations officer was directed to assign a radio code name for the new organization. The Catalinas had previously been likened to the Walt Disney cartoon "Dumbo the Elephant" because of their size and awkwardness, and during a lighter moment the officer chose that name. It was adopted. Although radio code names constantly changed and were dropped for security reasons, Dumbo stuck. It soon became one of the best known and widely used calls. In the heat of battle, amid the roar of planes and chatter of machine guns, "Calling Dumbo. Calling Dumbo" often crackled out over the airways. Before the end of the war a regular part of pre-mission briefing was the instruction rescue procedure. Dumbo was always there.

Besides the obvious material value of the rescue operations, the effect upon pilots' morale was instantly beneficial. Previously a flier on a mission over the vast Pacific understood that it was either get home or goodbye. Once down in that endless body of water, little chance remained for survival. Living was strictly a day-to-day business, and everyone accepted the fact that it was virtually impossible to send surface ships to rescue every ditched pilot. But then the lumbering Catalinas appeared in the skies after, and even during, pitched battles. Men who had given up hope of rescue were now picked up from the sea and flown to their carriers and bases to take to the air again. Throughout its existence, Dumbo compiled the sensational record of over 75 per cent efficiency in the rescue of ditched pilots.

At first S and R operations were limited. The shortage of planes and pilots affected Dumbo as well as the regular fighter and bomber squadrons, and rescue personnel lived frugally, almost continuously in the air. Gradually conditions improved and more planes and personnel were assigned to

Dumbo. The outfit was assigned a seaplane tender to call home, and this soon became one of the most popular spots in the Pacific. Aboard Dumbo, informality reigned, the chow was good and "guests" were treated so well during their short stay aboard ship they seldom wished to leave. The enlisted crew of the tender even designed tiny hats which were presented to all fliers who had been rescued and brought aboard — souvenirs of their experience. One Army major commented on Dumbo, "This is the best chow I've had in this — — theatre." Once, when the supply of souvenir hats ran out, a Marine lieutenant colonel refused to leave the ship until one had been made for him.

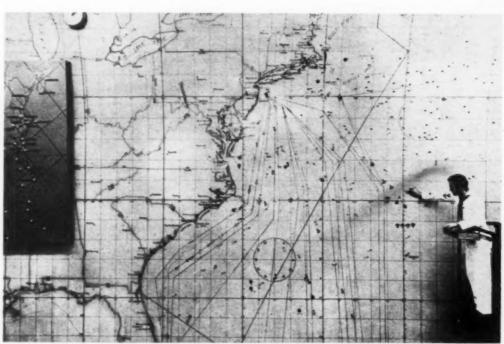
In those days of constant fighting and flying, Dumbo was a sorely needed outfit. Some of the most daredevil pilots in the Pacific flew for Dumbo and there was nothing they wouldn't do to save a life. Stunts were pulled with the Catalinas that the designer himself wouldn't believe, and the planes were plunked down anywhere, at any time, to pick up survivors.

As the war spread, rescue work increased in intensity and effect. Teams were organized for jungle mercy missions, and some of the escapades of rescue fliers in the jungles were even more sensational than those on and over the sea.

sensational than those on and over the sea. During the Munda campaign one jungle rescue team succeeded in not only rescuing the stranded survivors of an Army bomber, but also wiped out a substantial party of Japs which had been sent to capture them. Using an Army PBY-A, they escaped, taking off from an inland river without further loss of American life. Marine Corps ground rescue teams operated in all jungle battles, and although not specifically assigned to any agency, they formed the basis upon which the present-day rescue teams operate.

Coinciding with the organizations in the Pacific were similar mercy units set up in almost all theatres of war. In North Africa, during the bloody campaigns against the Nazi desert fox, Rommel, search





A view of the huge control panel from the controller's seat at Coast Guard headquarters in New York. Every port town on the East Coast and every ship or plane at sea is marked

and rescue units blanketed the empty wastes of the desert, rescuing pilots shot down during combat, and often flying supplies and instructions to stranded infantry units. In the Aleutians, frequent ditchings among the icy floes of the Arctic kept rescue units alert and constantly operating. Much of the information gleaned from wartime experience in the far north later proved invaluable in aviation's peacetime disasters.

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In the Atlantic anti-submarine campaigns, Search and Rescue was constantly active in fishing merchantmen from the icy waters of the North Atlantic sea lanes to England and the continent. Stations were set up in Greenland, Iceland, and Ireland, as well as the small islands off the coast of the United States and in the Caribbean. Mercy units raced repeatedly to the scene of torpedoings and picked up survivors of submarine attacks. Along the coast, to Florida, and below that to Puerto Rico, Cuba, and the northern coast of South America, rescue stations protected the shipping lanes along which plied the vital cargo ships and tankers nourishing the Allied war machine in Europe.

Search and Rescue operations spread over most of the war lanes and in February, 1944, an overall directive agency was set up in this country under the command of the Coast Guard. Liaison officers from the Navy, Marine Corps and Army were incorporated into the high command, to direct activities in their own theatres of operation. The agency itself was given the task of collecting, experimenting with, and distributing information on methods and equipment for rescue work. From 1944 until the present day the agency has successfully directed the various units active in rescue work all over the globe. With headquarters in Washington, and offices in all major coastal cities in this country as well as vital points on foreign soil, the agency now directs rescue operations and supplies timely information to its world-wide subsidiaries.

Probably the most important work done by Search and Rescue, besides the actual mercy missions, has been in developing and perfecting the helicopter,

Jungles, sleet and snow are all part of a day's work for rescue teams special equipment for rescue planes, and the emergency crash kits. These include flare and water dye packs, compact radios, scientifically produced food, and first-aid kits. The "Gibson Girl" radio was a brainchild of Search and Rescue experiments. Collapsible rubber rafts, droppable life boats, "crash" suits and thousands of other unique inventions have further decreased the loss of life in accidents both on land and at sea.

One of the most important developments of the Search and Rescue research department was in the use of radio, radar, and lonar in plotting the movements of ships and planes. Today control stations along the Eastern Coast of the United States are constantly aware of the movements of every ship and plane in a given area. Their information is hourly relayed to a central control station in New York headquarters and placed on a huge panel. On that board are plotted the course, speed and condition of every craft, sea and air, off the eastern coast of the United States.

When a distress call comes in, Search and Rescue is immediately in control of all ships in the vicinity. The agency, with full information on the position of every ship in the area, instructs the nearest vessels to proceed to the scene and render all possible aid until regular units arrive. Radar "fixes" are taken on the position of the ship in distress, and complete weather and atmospheric condition reports are assembled. Then rescue units, complete with the latest modern life saving equipment, speed to the aid of the stricken ship and its survivors.

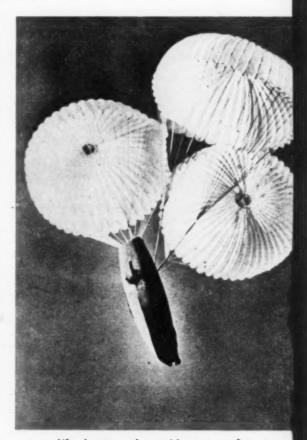
The Coast Guard has been the chief agent for maritime rescues throughout its existence. The very title "Coast Guard" explains the type of work it has done down through the years. However, the Search and Ressue division of the Coast Guard has now taken its place as the leader in the field of aviation safety. Combining its maritime and aviation divisions, it has kept pace with the rapid advance in international aviation, and now works hand in glove with the organizations which facilitate safety in travel.

In November, 1944, 52 nations met in Chicago and established the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization (PICAO). This unit is designed to further international civil aviation, both commercial and recreational. Among the measures adopted at this convention was the establishment of an international rescue agency. The term Search and Rescue was adopted to replace the old title, Air-Sea Rescue. Previously the popular, erroneous conception of Air-Sea Rescue had been that it only handled incidents in which planes were involved.

The Search and Rescue agency is active in all types of rescue work. The committee on search and rescue met in Montreal, Canada, in March, 1946, and adopted an extensive plan for the development

of international procedure for rescue work. As a direct result of these meetings, rescue agencies have been set up in all member nations and they are rapidly organizing into efficient units, similar to that in the United States. Their activities range from maritime rescues to operations deep in the mountains, the Arctic wastes, and tropical jungles.

mountains, the Arctic wastes, and tropical jungles. In September, 1946, a subsidiary unit of Search and Rescue, the International Weather Station Committee, met in London, England, and arrived at several important decisions which should greatly influence North Atlantic sea and air travel. It was decided at this conference that 13 weather ships would be stationed along the route from America to England. Acting in unison, they were coordinating the all-important assault on weather hazards at



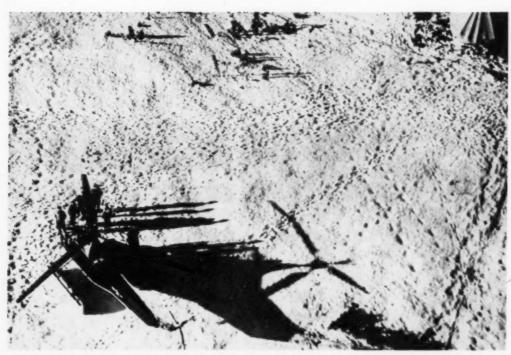
Life boats and provisions are often parachuted to stricken merchantmen



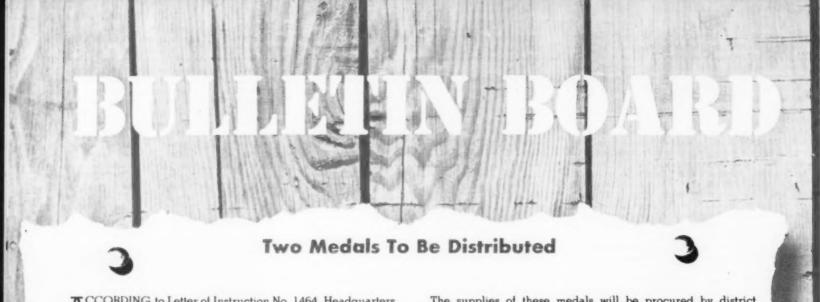
sea. The United States, the United Kingdom, Canada, and five European countries will have provided these ships by the end of this year.

vided these ships by the end of this year.

Once situated astride the commercial lifeline between the two continents, these weather ships will also provide beacon service and radio direction to trans-Atlantic airlines. They will be prepared to leave their stations in the event of an emergency, and assist any plane or ship in danger. The complete weather and meteorological reports which they will furnish every three hours, around the clock, are expected to result in rapid strides toward swifter and safer passage across the stormy North Atlantic. They stand, not only as sentinels guarding a vital commercial water and airway, but as a symbol of the important part to be taken by the Coast Guard in the aviation and maritime world of the future.



A Search and Rescue helicopter looks like a huge spider as it rests on snow and ice during the spectacular rescue of eleven fliers, marooned when their plane was ditched in Labrador



CCORDING to Letter of Instruction No. 1464, Headquarters, Marine Corps announced the availability and subsequent distribution of the American Defense Service Medals with appropriate clasps, and the World War II Victory Medals. Posthumous awards of these medals will be made by the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

To be eligible for the American Defense Service Medal, personnel of the naval service must have been on active duty between 8 September, 1939 and 7 December, 1941, both dates

A service clasp, "Fleet" or "Base," is authorized to be worn on the ribbon of the Medal by each person who performed duties as set forth below. No person is entitled to more than one such clasp.

(a) Fleet — For service on the high seas while regularly attached to any vessel or aircraft squadron of the Atlantic, Pacific or Asiatic Fleets to include essels of the Naval Transportation Service and vessels operating directly

under the command of the Chief of Naval Operations.

(b) Base — For service on shore at be and naval stations outside the Continental limits of the United States.

Duty in Alaska falls into this category.

The World War II Victory Medal may be warded to members of the armed forces of the United State and/or of the Government of the Philippine Glads who served on active duty in World War II at any time between 7 December, 1941 and 31 December, 1946, both dates inclusive.

Under no conditions shall liber medals be issued to persons who have been discharged from the Marine Corps under other than honorable conditions.

than honorable conditions

Distribution to Active Duty Personnel

Both medals have been, or may be obtained by commanding officers by writing direct to the Depot of Supplies at either Philadelphia or San Francisco, depending on whether the activities are east or west of the Missi sippi River. Requisitions should be limited to the actual present need, plus a small surplus to take care of awards to former members of the Marine Corps who apply in person. In the case of enlisted personnel, an entry will be made on page 13 of the service record book an entry will be made on page 13 of the service record book indicating which medals and clasps have been delivered. At a date to be set by Headquarters, Marine Corps, all stocks of medals which remain undistributed will be returned to the Depot from which original requisition was made.

Present Marine Corps personnel who are entitled to these medals for previous service with the Army, Navy, or Coast Guard, must apply to their previous branch of service for them in accordance with instructions issued by these services.

Distribution to Inactive Duty and **Discharged Personnel**

All Marine Corps posts, stations, and Reserve activities are authorized to issue the medals to Marine Corps veterans and inactive Reserve personnel.

The supplies of these medals will be procured by district directors and commanding officers from the Depot of Supplies, and they, in turn, will supply their subordinate units. Special instructions on this phase of the distribution have been issued by the Director, Division of Reserve.

All veterans must apply for these two medals to some organization of their former branch of the armed service in a manner to be prescribed by such service. Area Campaign Medals are not ready for distribution and no applications should be made for the American Theatre, Asiatic-Pacific or European-African-Mediterranean Theatre Medals at this time.

Theatre Medals at this time.

Delivery of the medals will be made to applicants only after application blanks (to be obtained at the point of application) have been properly filled out and suitable evidence has been presented to show that the applicant is eligible to receive medals. From suitable on an presented, the issuing activity will determine character of dacharge and the medals for which the applicant is eligible. Such official papers as PD-78 (Report of Separation), discharge certificate or certificate in lieu thereof, will be accepted. In case of loubt as to which medals or clasps the applicant is eligible for his aigned statement on the application black will be acceptable, but in no case will the medal be issued if the character of the discharge is in doubt. A signed application and will be inwarded in each case to Headquarters, U. S. Mark, Committed in the control of transmittal, for file on individual records and enlisted personnel awarded the medals. This application blank will be used by Headquarters at a later date in connection with good conduct Headquarters at a later date in connection with good conduct insignia awards. Therefore particular attention should be paid to the entry of enlistment and discharge dates shown thereon.

Group Application By Veterans' Organizations

Marine officer instructors NROTC Units, Associations of Military and Navy Reserve officers, and posts of recognized veterans' organizations may act as the agent for eligible members of their organization in obtaining medals from the nearest Marine Corps activity. In such instances, the organization will collect such documents from its members as would be required if the man work applying individually, and will make a recognized. if the man were applying individually, and will make a preliminary verification of the eligibility of such members for medals and clasps, then by special arrangement satisfactory to the commanding officer or officer-in-charge of the distribution activity, the organization will present a collective statement of its requirements, with substantiating documents, for verification of claim, and executed application blanks for receipt of necessary issued in bulk.

All posts and stations of the Marine Corps will have to mimeograph the necessary application forms, a sample of which is included with L of I 1464, but a supply will be furnished Reserve activities by Headquarters, Marine Corps.



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by Sgt. Vernon Langille

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* CHERRY POINT THE BEAUTIFUL

Orchids and my heartfelt Orchids and my heartfelt thanks for the writeup and pictures on "Cherry Point." (June issue.) What beautiful memories it stirred up in me. I have a few pictures of the station but the ones in Leatherneck were tops.

My only complaint is that Sergeant Lucius Johnston didn't check the facts more closely. If lying duty was forbidden to

flying duty was forbidden to WRs, how come more than 10 of us had flight orders for more than a year. And what of all those flight hours in our log books. Check AES 46 if you

don't believe me, sergeant.
Three months ago I married
a boy I met right there in AES
46. Good old CP. Naturally I'm prejudiced.

Mrs. George W. Deery New York City, N.Y. . . .

Among the captions describing pictures illustrating the Cherry Point article, June issue of Leatherneck, one reads:

"One of Cherry Point's fleet of gas trucks fuels a wildcat." OOOOooooo! Maybe you fel-lers didn't catch it, but that plane is an F6F. If I'm not mistakened, the complete designa-tion is F6F HELLcat.

Just correcting

Corporal Ercell Crow Laurel, Ind.

In the article entitled "Cherry Point," June Leatherneck, we note with amazement the set of landing instructions a visiting plane receives from the Point tower (page 5). No wonder the pilots to whom

your microphone-bearing ser-geant talks aren't calm. He has them landing downwind!

Also, if the author will check his magnetic compass, he will find that runway 14 juts out to the south-southest, not the south-southwest. And wind is spoken of according to the dir-ection from which it comes. Thus, a north-northwest wind blows from the north-northwest, and toward the south-southeast. A plane landing on runway 14 with a variable wind from the north-northwest is landing dir-ectly downwind. Incidentally, a wind of velocity "one point six" is one and six-tenths miles per hour, while a velocity of "one-six" denotes a 16 mph wind.

Since those of us who want to be present to collect our next fogey usually land into the wind, perhaps we'd better carry a float light with us to check the wind direction the next time we land at Cherry Point.

Major F. J. Frazer Naval Air Station Norfolk, Va.

From where we sit, a blistering wind seems to be coming from approximately 170 degrees southeast — the direction of a certain air station in North Carolina from Washington, D. C. - Ed.

TEENAGER COMMISSIONS

Upon reading Sound Off in a recent Leatherneck, I came across a couple of letters about the youthful ages of commis sioned officers.

I was graduated from Quantico in the 13th PCS, August 29, 1945. As far as I know, I was the youngest man in the class. I was born March 13, 1926, so that made me 19 years, five months and 16 days at the time I was commissioned.

Anybody any younger? Richard C. Perhamus Lubbock, Tex.

In response to several letters printed in recent issues of your magazine concerning the youngest officer to be commissioned in the Marine Corps during the war, I would like to place my bid for fame.

I was commissioned a lieutenant on June 16, 1943, at the age of 19 years and four months, having been born Feb-ruary 4, 1924. This would make me one year younger than Robert B. Asprey, whose letter appeared in Sound Off.

I was released from active duty April 15, 1946, a first lieu-tenant. I reenlisted March 31,

PFC John G. Fifield Plt. No. 22-R. D. M. C. B.



ANSWER TO AN SOS

Glancing through The Leatherneck for June, I ran across Corporal Robert Toole's SOS, occasioned by the loss of his special field music patches.

I became a musician in April, 1946, and was instructed to wear a small bugle patch on my left sleeve. I had quite a time obtain-ing one. If it would suit the corporal's purposes, he might let me know and I will send him mine.

I was relieved of field music duty a month ago.

Ex-Field Music Kenneth F. Fish Camp Matthews, San Diego.

ENLISTMENT CONTRACTS

Sira:

Will you please inform me if the Marine Corps has had (since November of 1929) an enlist-ment contract which read:

"I, enlisted in the Marine Corps for a period of four years, not to exceed five."
The point in dispute is the phrase, "not to exceed five."

Malcolm M. Kirk FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

No. The contract read: "for a period of four years unless discharged sooner by a competent authority."— Ed.

(continued on page 48)

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WHAT'S HOLDING YOU UP?



USE COUPON ON PAGE 49



SOUND OFF (cont.)

BLASTING THE RED CROSS

As an ex-Marine who has served both overseas and in the USA I feel that I have some

USA I feel that I have some right to gripe.

I have been reading The Leatherneck for nearly four years and some of the finest stories I have ever read have appeared in it. I was very much surprised to read such "trash" as the March issue Red Cross as the March issue Red Cross article

It may be true that the Red Cross played a big part during the war in some places but as far as the Red Cross goes in the Pacific, it wasn't . . . much help. I have seen the time when boys needed help bad and were turned down. It wasn't because the Red Cross couldn't have helped them. They were just too damn sorry as an organization to give any

If any of the Red Cross women who were overseas (Pacific) hap-pen to read this and wish to call me on it, I will be only too glad to prove what I have said here. James F. Steele

Route 1 Lowrys, S. C.

ELIGIBILITY FOR COURSES

We have just finished reading the March issue of your maga-zine. In that issue there was a list of schools for Marines. It stated that all men who had 12 months overseas duty were elig-ible to attend one of these schools if they met certain re-

We have been seagoing for 18 months and all of us have had experience with vehicles. In fact, one of our group drives the cap-tain around daily. This morning we asked our first sergeant if it were possible to go to Motor Vehicle Operator's School. He said there wasn't a chance until we completed 24 months over-seas. He also stated that he would not send a letter of recommendation until that sea duty

time was completed.

We joined the Corps with the intention of making a career of it. We had no chance like this before and don't feel that we will have one soon again. If you can give us some information or help, we would appreciate it very much. Names withheld Bayonne, N. J.

• Letter of Instruction 1387, paragraph 2, states: "Any enlisted man, except one undergoing recruit training, may apply for assignment to one of the courses listed in enclosure (A) provided:

(A) At the time he submits his application he meets the obligated requirements for the course as indicated in column 1.

(B) He meets the minimum requirements for the course as indicated in column 8.

(C) His present rank is no higher than the terminal rank of the SSN assigned to successful graduates of the course.

Paragraph 6 directs all commanding officers to bring these facts to the men's attention. - Ed.

CHECKING UP ON THE MOVIES

I'm not much at griping but I'm not much at griping but I have just seen something which makes me mad as hell. I saw the movie, "No Leave No Love." The show itself wasn't so bad, but why did they have that Marine running around for one whole reel without any emblems? A disgusted Marine

No leave, no love, no emblems -- Ed.



I too saw China duty with the Marines, in my case, with the Fifth Regiment which left Okinawa September 27, 1945, and arrived in Peking on Columbus Day. I want to say a few words on the subject of various com-mon Chinese expressions which have been discussed in Leather-

Comashaw or Kamishaw is the Comashaw or Kamishaw is the North Chinese pronunciation of Cumshaw, which my dictionary lists as pidgin English for gift or tip. The Chinese word (in mandarin dialect) is "tyo-jen." The Chinese think Cumshaw is English; the Americans think it is Chinese. The truth is that it was introduced by the that it was introduced by the British, along with words liked "amah," meaning nursemaid; "amah," meaning nursemaid;
"chop-chop," meaning hurry or
fast, and "godown," meaning
warehouse. These are pidgin
English words spoken in the
British far-eastern colonies.
"Rickshaw" and "coolie" are
also non-Chinese. "Cumshaw"
is conjustent to the Arab "hackis equivalent to the Arab "back-

is equivalent to the Arab "back-sheesh;" the French "pour boire," and the Creole "lag-niappo."
"Cumshaw" should not be confused with "squeeze."
Squeeze is the legitimate graft to which every Chinese employee is traditionally entitled. Cum-shaw is a free-will offering. The Chinese feel that if a Marine pays too much as well as too little, he loses face. Naturally

they would rather see Marines lose face as a result of the former. As for Sound Off comments on "haba haba" or "huba huba," with references to the mandarin dialect, I firmly disagree. I spent a couple of months studying Mandarin dialect with Mr. Pao SzeKai, who teaches at the Peking American School, and I pass on his lessons to your readers.
"Is it big?" in Chinese comes

out "big, not big," as "can it be done?" is changed to "can do, no can do." In Chinese, it is "Kuh-yee, boo kuh yee." "Is it good?" in the official Wade system, for example, is pro-nounced "khow, boo khow" but spelt "Hao pu hao."

spelt "Hao pu hao."

When one asks regarding another person in Chinese, a pronoun is reflexed. "Ni" is you singular; "Nimen" you plural.

"T'a" is he and "T'amen," they.

... Perhaps I should add this expression for the benefit of Marines still trying to cope with the Chinese cumahaw. It is "Wo mei-yu chien," or "I have no money." Whether you learn it or not won't make much difference, because coming from an American, no Chinese in the world would believe it.

A. A. Davidson

A. A. Davidson

1 Post St. Yonkers 5, N.Y.



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GRIFFIN

THE GREATEST NAME

ANOTHER TEXAN SPEAKS

Sirs:

Being a Texan myself, I got a big kick out of Sergeant Johnston's breaking down and confessing that only 15 out of 24 records on the jukes in Texas were titled "Deep In The Heart Of Texas." (Sgt. Johnston was taken to task by Pvt. C. E. James in the June Sound Off for his article "Furlough It. Texas," which appeared in the December, 1946 Leatherneck, in which he stated that he found 18 out of every 24 records on juke boxês in his home state were "Deep in the Heart of Texas." Johnston finally broke down and confessed to stretching things a little — now only 15 out of 24 are "Deep In The Heart Of Texas," the others are "The Yellow Rose of Texas," "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You," etc.— Ed.) I'll stack my chips with the kid from Dago (Pvt. James) I haven't heard the song in quite some time and I have yet to pay to listen to it. Truth is I don't know of a

I have yet to pay to listen to it.

Truth is I don't know of a
person back home who ever
liked the record. As for the number of times it appears on the
juke, it all depends on what part
of the state you're in.

of the state you're in.

I'm not one of these "Texas
Happy" Texans. I don't guess
I ever was. In fact there are a
lot of things I don't like about
the place.

I just wanted to straighten you out on a few things about "The Big State."



Sirs:

We here in China have come to the conclusion that this letter just had to be written. Our interest is centered on an article about the Seventh Regiment arriving in the States (April Leatherneck) and we want the men who did seven months duty in China to know how sorry we feel for them.

We feel that we have the right to speak as all of us have had either 16 or 17 months of overseas service.

We know it is rough in the field, but it irks us to hear of men with so little time going home. We might also add that most of us did six months in the boondocks along the railroad between Tientsin and Chinwangtao.

Another bigger gripe is that a lot of men from other outfits here in North China who came overseas with us have been home on leave. They got credit for it as overseas time. Some of them were gone as long as three months.

Did we get it? Hell no. We don't think that it is a bit fair. From 100 Marines still in China

• The Seventh got home by a stroke of good fortune, coincidence, or call it what you like. Headquarters decided to deactivate the regiment. A large number of its personnel was separated from the Corps. Many of them got furloughs and new assignments to duty.— Ed.

(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)





in the

Leatherneck

All your old favorites, "Gunther Gherkin,"
"Gizmo and Eightball," and that character, "Peepsight" are there to entertain you if you're looking for hours of reading pleasure. And if you want news about the Corps, "We-The Marines" and "Sound Off" cover the field. Feature articles, fiction and a new series of stories, "Posts Of The Corps," round out the magazine

about ... for ... and by ... Marines

> Clip and mail to THE LEATHERNECK P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.



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Save the easy, automatic way - with U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magtazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.



SOUND OFF (cont.)

THE GLOSE ON ONE WING

When I read Leatherneck, I like to read about the Marine it its best. When I see to see Marines at their best. In my opinion, a Marine who wears a uniform sloppily is not a fit subject for a photograph. If by chance he is photographed, *The* certainly Leatherneck most should not print the picture.

In your May issue, there was

a picture of Sergeant Major Roy Solomon reading off a recruit at Dago. The boot should have been reading off the good ser-geant major for improper wear-

ing of the uniform.

Probably the most distinguished and important part of the uniform is the emblem. Solomon was wearing his to put it mildly incorrectly. The eagle wes hanging onto the side of the globe sorta resting on one wing. It looked like hell and wasn't a very good example for wasn't a very good example for an NCO to set before a bunch of boots.

Richard F. Ellis Montclair, N. J.

I got a big kick out of the May

issue and the picture of Sergeant Major Roy Solomon and the

big recruit on page five (Posts of the Corps, San Diego.)
Sergeant! Did you know your slip was showing? Better straighten up that emblem.

H. Terrence Furber Philadelphia, Pa.

 The sergeant major is a good Marine well on his way to thirty. While Leatherneck should have censored this candid shot of a sergeant major with his emblem awry, we feel sure that Solomon's reputation can stand this one slip even if his patience cannot .- Ed.

CHINESE USE KAMISHAW

As we were reading the latest issue of Leatherneck it was noticed that Staff Sergeant H. O. Grady III, wrote in saying he had never heard the Chinese use the word Kamishaw among themselves.

We would like to square him away on the word Kamishaw. The Chinese do use that word when conversing among them-selves. We have heard this in Peiping and several small towns in China.

Sergeant Shepard Guam, M. I.

MORE ABOUT CHILKOOT

Have just finished reading Leatherneck's "Northward Ho" by PFC Paul Hicks and Arthur Mielke. As it interests me greatly I would appreciate it if you could tell me where I could write for full information as to require-ments for embarking on this

Wm. H. Rine, Sr. Lewisburg, Pa.

Write to Veteran's Alaska Co-Operative Co., 902 20th St., NW., Washington, D. C.—Ed.

LOOKING FOR A BUDDY

Through Sound Off I would like to know if anyone knows the whereabouts of one Raymond "Cueball" Kubilus, an old Buddy of mine. He is now out of the Corps.

· We ran into "Cueball" at Olangapo some months ago. Write him at Navy No. 3002, NOB Subic Bay, Philippine Islands. Ed.



In the June issue there was a letter from Dick Reutsch asking about a book entitled "The about a book entitled "The Ninth Marines." I am sure a lot of other men who were in that regiment would like to know where we can obtain a copy of

I would also like to hear from any of my old buddies who happen to read this. The Leatherneck is the only way I have to keep in touch with the

Earl Adams

315 Olive St. No. Little Rock, Ark.

• If you can't obtain the book elsewhere, our bookshop informs us they still have a few copies at \$5.00 a throw. - Ed.

YOU DON'T RATE IT

Sirs:
I have been reading Sound Off for some time and would also like to have an answer to a couple of questions. A buddy and I have been having a pretty hot argument and would like to have you straighten us out.

We both enlisted in the Corps in October, 1945, and served 13 months in the States before being transferred to MCAS, Ewa, Hawaii. We have been here for about six months. Are we authorized to wear the American Theatre Ribbon for our time in the States? How about the Vic-tory ribbon? Do we rate any-thing for our service in Hawaii? Also would like to know how

how many months a "four" man is supposed to serve in overseas

Two PFC's

You don't rate an American Theatre Ribbon. The requirement for this ribbon in Stateside service was one year service in the States, before March, 1946, which you did not have. You do rate the Victory Ribbon as this is to be awarded to all persons who served honorably in the armed forces between the dates of 7 December, 1941, and 31 December, 1946. Current Marine Corps policy is two years out of each cruise on foreign or sea service. - Ed.

OF COURSE I'LL

Ship gypr



... WHY ???

I FIGURE MY JOB IN THE MARINE CORPS IS WORTH AT LEAST \$150,000 TO ME!

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY:-

off I ot ve ps ag a, or unin c-v-? w n is 's

I'm 21 years old and I'm finishing a 3 year hitch. If I go on in the Corps, with normal promotion, my pay over my 30 years of active service will come to more than \$50,000. Then if I retire on 30 as a Master Sergeant — at the age of 48 — and live to be 70, my retired pay will amount to another \$49,000. Add to that all the free rent, free clothes,

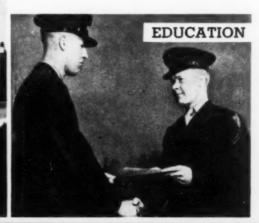
free chow, free medical and dental care that I get over the years — and no taxes, no financial worries — You can't beat it!!

For the same thing in civil life I'd have to earn \$3,000 a year for 50 years. There'd be no retirement — I'd have to keep my nose to the grindstone 'till the day I die.

APPRECIATE IT ALL WHILE YOU ENJOY







Smarten up... U. S. MARINE CORPS

"KAMIKAZE," the winning story in this month's Leatherneck contest, was written by Harry Hirschman who served with the Eleventh Marines. Charles Meisenger, Jr., formerly with the Fifth Marine Division, won top honors for his cartoons. The winning illustration was submitted by Ted Mikels who was attached to the Second Marine Air Wing at Saipan.

CONTEST WINNERS











Sweet glory showered about him but fear shadowed the great joy of his coming hero's death



By Harry Hirschman

IEUTENANT Kagashumo, Imperial Air Force, marched stiffly out into the clear afternoon air; threaded his way under the canopy of camouflage netting over the sandbagged corridor; and continued on out toward the motor park adjoining the sacred shrine of Tai Sho, ancient Ryukyun king. The lieutenant was tall for a Jap — five feet seven — and well proportioned. His full clear face was slightly fleshy and his eyes were large and dark. To a westerner he looked, as most Orientals do, sinister. But to the women of the Empire he was a

handsome man indeed.

Now his full, clear face was almost pale. His dark eyes seemed dulled of their usual sparkle. Lieut. Kagashumo paused before the shattered stone en trance to the motor park, memento of a naval shell from an American task force three days before; and looked back at beautiful Shuri Castle, now headquarters of the Ryukyun high command. The taste of Scotch whiskey was still in his mouth (and a pleasant change from cheap Shochu liquor imperial officers were having to drink these days.) His eyes slowly scanned the straight modern lines of the as yet unmarked by war, and glanced hastily away from the window where the general, who had just entertained him, might be looking out.

Suddenly he felt proud. Yes—and glad. Glad this signal honor had been bestowed on him. Proud the general himself had poured the English whiskey, presented him with a real American cigar and the arrogant general's orderly had even struck the light as he puffed slowly to draw in the fire.

'The Order of the Grand Imperial Knights of the Emperor's Steed" would have been a juicier honor had it been awarded before his own command as such higher citations generally are. But this had to be a secret - and the general had personally

awarded it in the intimacy of his own quarters. He fingered the scarlet ribbon around his neck and strode slowly to the Ford. The bright medallion suspended from the ribbon sparkled in the sunsi and he thought to himself that since the general had personally put it around him, there wasn't any need to remove it.

How fortunate he was, the lieutenant thought. How very fortunate that he had won the lottery. At the time a sudden sickness, a heaviness in his heart was felt. Now he felt good. No question about it. He glanced at the Swiss watch on his wrist, noted it was three o'clock, and climbed into the brown

As he drove to Naha, a strange thought struck him. Amusing, wasn't it, that the prized luxuries were all foreign? The hated white devils provided the best tobacco, his watch, and even the car was really foreign, though it was manufactured in Tokyo. The few guns from Krupp were the best. The tires were American imported, and much of what wasn't imported, was copied. Ah, well, he sighed, that's what we are fighting for, isn't it? Then they will depend on us for all these things.

Lieut. Kagashumo stopped at the Ginko in Naha to withdraw some money. The teller was all bows and smiles when his eyes lit on the decoration around the officer's neck. There was no delay or questions, as there usually was, despite the fact that he with-

drew his entire account; over 800 yen.

Then he strolled over to the famous Ikebatavo Inn, the last inn of any size left in Naha. He pushed aside the doors and halted just inside the noisy, smokefilled hall. Gradually the noise subsided. He stood there looking over the scene. There was almost silence as he approached the bar, a rare thing in any officers' club. He could feel a hundred pair of respectful stares directed toward him but he looked neither right nor left.

"So they know all about it?" he said to himself.
"Well, let them get a good look. Now I'm glad I

left the medal on. Secret, pah!"

Superior Private Osumi was an old Loochooan and a bartender long before the war. He addressed the newcomer from behind the shiny bar in Satsuma a gutteral Japanese that was about as good as these islanders could utter.

'Good afternoon, Honorable Sir," he said bowing low. Too low and too reverently, the lieutenant thought. As though he were a person of royal blood.

"Perhaps some Shochu sir?"

"You miserable old goat. I want a bottle of Awamori and by the God Tao you had better

The miserable old goat scampered away. Colonel Amaniu, wearing the dyed pongee Taumugi sash The lieutenant couldn't help but let a glitter of envy, as it always did, show as he in-voluntarily glanced down at the obi. Only the rich could afford to wear them. Only the colonel, being

of nobility, would dare flaunt it.

"Greetings my honored friend. Let me buy the drinks for the two of us. Let us drink to your acceptance into the knighthood. A special occasion, you know." The colonel examined the ribbon and medal as he spoke, with great admiration. Western Honshu province men affected the phrase "you know" or "Don't you know" and on Shikoku men, it grated. Kagashumo was from Shikoku.

Even so, ordinarily Lieut. Kagashumo would have been astounded by such familiarity on the part of the baron's son, and a superior officer at that. But the heaviness was stealing back into his heart— the same he felt the day before when he won the lottery. The same heaviness he felt when he learned in the vast pompousness of Shuri Castle of his mission.

"Thanks," he replied with almost treasonable informality. "Allow me this time." Suddenly he just didn't care. Then, remembering an American movie he saw once, he turned to the crowd, still silent and watching. "Awarnori for everyone! I will pay." Superior Private Osumi who had just hurried in with

ne lone bottle, almost dropped it.
"But honorable sir..." the old goat started.
"No buts, you Loochooan rascal! Awamori for

everyone or by the bones of your ancestors I'll throw you off Nami No Ue."

Aghast at such a vile threat the harrassed bar tender literally ran to fetch the liquor. Nami No Ue! The huge cliff overlooking Naha harbor. If he, a mere peasant were done to death that way all his people would be visited by revengeful Loochooans for desecration and witchcraft. For the good luck cliff of so many happy ceremonies would then have a curse on it. The superior private was at least miserable. He did feel very old and now he wished

he were a trouble-free simple goat. The lieutenant's original insult became half truth, half dreamy wish, as far as the Ikebatayo Inn bartender was concerned.

To supply that much rice whiskey on rice-po Okinawa would require a near miracle. He would need water to cut a lot of it and much diplomacy to substitute Shochu, the sweet potato liquor, on friendly officers who could be trusted to help a poor Loochooan in trouble. That was the only solution. While the bartender was out performing miracles (he never heard of a man 2000 years ago who performed such a miracle by changing water into wine, or Osumi would have traded in Shintoism for Christianity right then and there) the colonel brought Lieut. Kagashumo to the senior officers' tables where they drank and engaged in light conversation for

A Japanese equivalent of a juke box was playing a mournful, sing-song sort of tune wherein it seemed some poor girl's lover had gone off to the wars and left her in a grove of cherry trees to count the blossoms as they fell. To play it one had to buy slugs of a heavier metal than the aluminum coins of the realm, and drop them in under the watchful eye of the attendant. Then he could select from eight march tunes and two popular records, made by Columbia of USA. The marches were brassy, the love songs weird. But the hardy Japanese kept it playing constantly.

Overhead hung a scattering of unlit oiled paper

lanterns, only at present the power was still on so electric bulbs, with true Japanese economy, burned 20 watts each in scattered points of the hall. In the inn it was so dark it hurt the eyes to return to the bright daylight outside, just as it does coming out

of a cinema on an afternoon.

Many Geishas, in bright kimonos and split dresses that tied at the ankles, were sitting around at tables with officers. As yet none smoked in this backward land — backward to the Japanese — but many drank

A few huge fans stirred the air from above. All the women, however, fluttered gay little fans before their faces and these did a better job. Still it was hot, stifling, so that many had removed their coats. The lieutenant unbuttoned his.

Conversation at the officer's table became some what stilted as Kagashumo became drunker, for like many, he became ugly the more he drank.

At last the colonel was saying, "It is a great and glorious mission on which you embark, my friend.

Ah, I would I were younger."

An ensign sitting at the table in bright blue said, "These Yankee beasts will soon learn of the stuff we Nipponese are made of."
"A Boot" thought Kagashumo, After one was out

Boot" thought Kagashumo. After one was out a while in combat against Yankees it was amateurish to use propaganda phrases. They weren't beasts just fools. Sentimental fools at that.

'It is a great honor indeed to contribute a few changes in the enemy fleet for my great Emperor. The potent Awamori was creating a great feeling of grandeur and Emperor-love. This rice whiskey was decidedly better than Satsuma stuff, called Shochu, which these islanders distilled from a

The colonel looked absently around, thinking of the havoc already wrought by the enemy.

'It looks like the enemy is making a lot of changes on the Emperor's sacred and invulnerable fleet,' said wryly, "not to mention soil."

Out of the corner of his eye Kagashumo saw a fat man, with a glitter of gold and silver, enter. He thought of the taumugi sash, the colonel's "don't you knows," his undeserved nobility, the time the colonel as acting provost marshal had him restricted to quarters for a month for quarreling at this same Ikebataya Inn. Instantly he was on his feet, con-

troling an impulse to reel.
"Honored Superior, I cannot sit here with an imperial officer that insults His Majesty." The liquor hadn't yet drowned a sense of propriety. "With all due respect, Sir, I demand you apologize and retract every word," he shouted loudly.

The general made straight toward them as Kagashumo knew he would.

What's this?" he said almost before the lieutenant had finished.

Every officer was on his feet at stiff attention, the colonel the first one to arise — a look of terror frozen on his features, his face shocked and pale.

"This officer, Excellency, insults our gracious

But — I — " the colonel began.

"Shut up. Continue lieutenant, these are serious Excellency, he boasts that the enemy is destroy-



ing our native soil, sinking our fleet, and defying

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the Emperor."
"Did you make such remarks about His Majesty, colonel?"

The colonel was utterly speechless. He opened and closed his mouth twice. Sweat streamed from his brow. The general looked about at the other officers.

No one said a word.
"Call the prefecture," he said to an aide. "Go on

"Exalted Sir, he called the Emperor a liar. The colonel also said we were losing to the enemy."

"One so brave and noble as the well known and decorated Lieut. Kagashumo does not lie. We shall take proper steps to discourage such traitors. May I sit with you, lieutenant?"

As they sat the junior officer tried not to gloat in a wave of triumph when the colonel was led out.

Before the day was out the "secret" was glaringly a public property. The lieutenant was to grow bored with kow-towing officials, low-bowing natives, servile attentions. Nothing could discourage it. Even now he sensed the enormous privilege yet to be accorded. The general's unheard of comradeliness was becom-

ing common place. Superior Private Osumi had a busy afternoon. The busiest he ever remembered.

At six o'clock the now famous pilot was staggering and very ugly. He slapped a geisha who spilled a drink on the table, part of which dropped on his uniform. She rushed from the hall weeping. Some one complained about the substitution of Shochu for Awamori. Promptly the lieutenant reeled to the bar and turned the air blue with vile curses at Osumi the bartender, using words of filth that the Japanese language has an abundance second to no other tongue. The bartender made a terrific and costly mistake. He attempted to explain. He ducked barely in time to avoid an empty bottle thrown in his face, and crawled to safety while behind him the crash of glass sounded and resounded throughout the inn. Kagashumo, in his immunity from consequences, staggered out of the wrecked inn, rudely shoving everyone in his way.

He entered his rooms in the Imperial Hotel— rooms for which he registered but never paid. The frightened room clerk downstairs still trembled. He had merely asked, as usual, for the rent in advance. Then all hell seemed to break loose. The new guest still had his 800 yen intact.

Like a magnet attracting particles, a steady flow of acquaintances and strangers flowed in and out of his rooms. Mayor Haruschi was thrown out. He spoke only Okinawan on which Kagashumo refused to "dirty his tongue." No one said a word. Yoshko, the prettiest and newest geisha girl in all Naha hovered over him, saying nothing, bringing him drinks, taking his abuse and love-making in stoical calm. Her father was the most noted snake-catcher in all the Ryukyus and made a good living selling the serpents to veterinarians for serum. Now recovering from an amputated hand, his fortunes had run low. A Habu got in its one bite. He sold Yoshko for 300 yen and it almost broke his heart. At that he was lucky. Most Loochooans never got a sen.

Kagashumo never called her Yoshko. He addressed her as "you Yambara-Jin," an insulting term for people of the mountains and moors as the Japanese used it. It implied you were a clod, a clumsy oaf, a

Yoshko demurred to his address and tone of address as befitted the code of the geisha.

When dawn came he awoke — and what awoke him he dared not think. Only a sudden heaviness in his heart persisted. Yoshko lay on the floor where he had thrown her, her face bruised. She was long since unconscious from the abuses she suffered during the night. Kagashumo merely stared at her a moment, then arose hastily, remembering why it was his sub-conscience had warned him awake. He strode to the window, adjusting his uniform and gazed out beyond.

The white city lay below him, its many concrete walls bordering every house of size — some walls so old bayonet cactus grew atop them. He took a long look, made a final adjustment on his uniform. No need to let these inferiors see him at less than his

At the door he paused and looked long and thoughtfully at the still form on the floor. With a shrug he reached in his blouse and threw the wad of money on the pitiful form. He paused a moment longer, Maybe he should tuck it over there in her clothes. Someone might come in before she regained her senses. But it was just a whim. "I must be getting

soft," he muttered, and went out.

Downstairs he entered the tea room, had a drink of Saki, that only the Imperial Hotel could still supply, and then you had to buy a meal to get it. The enemy had twice sunk vessels loaded with Saki before they ever reached Naha harbor. An aged Loochoo woman paddled in and laid a breakfast of eggs, vermicelli, sago mush and goats' milk before him on the tiny red lacquered table. He could barely touch the food.

LATER Corporal Koniya rushed in breathless from his five mile bicycle ride from the air-

"Many pardons, Sir. It is time."

Meekly the lieutenant arose and followed his mechanic out into the morning. They drove in silence toward the airport in the adjutant's Ford, past Nami No Ue, past the home of Yoshko in the suburbs, and almost but not quite, past Shugengi

"Stop," he ordered the driver.
Impatiently the corporal waited while Kagashumo entered the garden and walked to the figure in the Shinto Shrine. He bowed very low, then knelt so his forehead rested on the prayer mat and asked the blessings of the gracious and holy Emperor, of fierce Tao, the warrior god, and Ninengi, the greatest Shinto god who descended from Kirishima to possess Japan in the beginning of time. He asked his ancestors one by one back three generations to guide him and give him strength. He almost had decided not to ask Ninengi for anything. For the colonel's family had originally come from Kirishima, a fact the colonel boasted of continually. And Kagashumo now hated fanatically everything connected with the vile and traitorous superior. But flaunting a god was some-thing the lieutenant, even now, hadn't the courage to do. He asked Ninengi to help him too.

They drove out to Naha airport where lines of

planes of dirty white color studded with huge red circles, squatted waiting. One of them was black—and loaded with T.N.T. The lieutenant had continued his silence during the rest of the trip. As they drove up the planes were already coughing and spitting into life.

"Hurry, hurry! please Sir!" the mechanic corporal Koniya urged.

A stiff-expressionless look didn't change Kagashumo walked to the ready hut. He donned his leathers, first securing a thousand stitch belt about his waist, then a silk flag of the Empire about his neck, scarf fashion.

Everyone was especially polite to Kagashumo. Elaborate greetings and well wishes came from every side - some slapped him on the back, English fashion. The squadron commander personally visited the lieutenant during the short time it took him to dress for flight. Soldiers, sentries, mechanics and even rated men bowed low and cleared his way instantly as he walked toward the lone black Zero on the line. Kagashumo paid no attention. He was thinking deeply.

A great honor had befallen him. An honor still rare enough at that time to assure him a hero's celebration. It was really too good to be true. His father would hang paper streamers and burn much incense at the family shrine. From now on warriors of the Kagashumo family would always kneel at the family shrine before battle, and pray aloud to

him. There would be much rejoicing, many feasts, if it was learned his mission had been successful. His father would surely be elected to the Diet now, and his mother would be much sought after for teas. His father, he knew, would also conduct an elaborate and costly proxy funeral through Hiota Street, with flowers and mournful music. His mother — well — she wouldn't like losing her only son but of course she wouldn't show it. She would rejoice too. Anu, his sister, Kagashumo reasoned correctly, would be glad of his death. After all, they didn't really get on. She was a silly girl, ambitious, fond of American movies and western style dresses and frequently had to be beaten. When father wasn't around it was his duty to punish her. As for Sona, he guessed she'd spend the rest of her life in mournhe guessed she'd spend the rest of her life in mourning. Maybe she'd throw herself off Fiji Cliff which would bring more esteem to his family and their great warrior son. Many, many girls would mourn his loss in Tokyo. He sighed as he remembered the beautiful walks in the cherry groves and along the harbor esplanade with Sona. And his mother's rice cakes and Arne taffy which he loved. The school where comradeship and a carefree spirit ruled. Homuaiu School had the best baseball team in the intercollegiate Honshu League, the best wrestling intercollegiate Honshu League, the best wrestling team, both of which he was a member. Well, he'd never pitch another inning for dear old Homuaiu. He'd miss the gay geisha parties in Tokyo, the many pleasant tea houses, the concerts and more than anything else, hunting in the Honshu forests. He'd like to see his schoolmates just once more, embrace Sona just once more. Queer, she said so little he never really knew her. He'd kind of like to say goodbye to his sister, Anu, and tell her maybe he had been difficult at times and was sorry. But after all, being a female, she didn't count.

As he climbed into the cockpit he thought of all the friends and relatives who had each stitched a good luck thread in his lucky belt. It didn't have a thousand stitches yet — but close to it. He settled in his seat, patted the cloth belt under his suit, thinking of many faces of his well-wishers. Then he smiled wryly, remembering how, after he joined the squadron, he was ashamed to show the belt till secretly he had added 200 stitches on it himself. It made one very important to have so many tats sewed on. Idly he wondered how many other young

pilots practised this same deceit.

The motor roared, he let it turn and warm up, then adjusted the map on his knee and once more pulled out the rice paper instructions in his blouse.

"Confidential: Under pain of public disgrace and dishonor this information is not to be revealed."
(He remembered that nearly every one already knew it, probably before he did.)

"The American Admiral Nimitz is reported approaching these shores at 26 knots. His force is expected 200 miles off Ie Shima by 0900 February 23rd, at latitude 30, longitude 61.3. Imperial Navy reckoning. Your mission is to attack and destroy by personal action the large aircraft carrier believed to be of the Hornet class. The 123rd flight group will provide air cover. Report at the Naha airport at 0730 prepared to carry out this mission.

"In the name of his most Imperial Majesty, by order of the Ministry of War."

A huge sigh escaped Kagashumo. He controlled an impulse to let his mind wander on home and an impulse to let his mind wander on home and family again. Corp. Koniya slid the glass canopy over his head into place and peered curiously at the great hero inside, about to bring fame and eternal glory to his name. Koniya yelled something and he could see the planes waddling forward across the field. He tried to shake free of the fleeting remembers the corporal was still training at him join. brances for the corporal was still staring at him in reverential awe.

Quickly he pulled his goggles down to cover his eyes as blinding tears gushed forth. With a deep sob, Kagashumo pulled the throttle wide. The motors broke into a deep roar. END



Lew stories in the annals of the U.S. Marine Corps are more fantastic than that of a tough, tow-headed gunnery sergeant named Faustin E. Wirkus. His childhood dream of becoming a Marine led this 20th Century Robinson Crusoe to a feather crown and an island kingdom just four days by boat from the harbor of New York. He became the only white king in the entire history of the voodoo isle of La Gonave, off the coast of Haiti. With the help of 12 dusky queens he ruled over 12,000 natives until he was forced from his throne. The blacks still wait for his return, but now it's in vain. King Faustin is dead.

Born in the grimy coal mining town of Pittston, Pa., in 1897, Wirkus was christened "Faustin" after a Polish saint. Little did his parents dream that the odd name would shape his fabulous destiny. Nor did they picture any future for him other than the mines. But at an early age Faustin decided to escape the pits. He was 11 and already at work in the collieries when he saw his first Marine recruiting poster.

At 17, by pushing his birthday ahead a year, Wirkus joined the Marines. As soon as his boot training was finished he volunteered for a hitch in Haiti. That was in 1915 when Haiti's president, Guillaume Sam, had recently been torn to shreds and dragged around town in a burlap bag. Under the Monroe Doctrine the Marines had stepped in to take over the troubled government. Sam's successor was all for American help in straightening out Haiti's jumbled affairs. But the rival faction, beaten at the polls, took to the hills with machetes and outmoded rifles.

When the rookie Marine sailed into Port-au-Prince harbor his imagination was fired by the silent, forbidding island of La Gonave that rose out of the sea 40 miles to the west. Rumors of savagery and weird voodoo rites there went the rounds of the ship. It was said that since the time of the buccaneers, no white man had landed on La Gonave until the Marines had set up a post.

But Faustin's curiosity had to be shelved for many years. Meanwhile, in Haiti, he worked at patrolling the hostile waterfront of Port-au-Prince, where Marines were ever on the alert for revolutionist's pot-shots.

His next assignment took him over jungle trails to the bloody mountain fastness of Perodin, a ghost village deep in the Haitian hinterland. For nine months he patrolled the seething countryside. It was honey-combed with revolutionists who were burning homes, stealing cattle and murdering every man who refused to join their cause.

In one bloody skirmish, Wirkus killed a rebel hiding behind a palm tree by estimating the height of the man's chest and sending his bullet straight through the trunk. This amazing shot so awed the other bandits that they dropped their guns and fled.

other bandits that they dropped their guns and fled. His boldness and daring in bush warfare brought him a promotion. Soon he was the only white officer in complete charge of the native troops in the Perodin outpost. The first thing he did was to build himself a mud hut befitting his new station. Later he added a fireplace and a flue. The chimney was a major miracle to the natives. As soon as they beheld the smoke actually disappear up the flue, they dispatched runners along the trails to tell the country

by Elaine Bassler Mardus

folk of the white magician. Thus began the Marine's

reputation as a sorcerer as well as a sharpshooter.

As military chief of Perodin, Wirkus commanded native vigilantes who volunteered to ferret out the small bands that were still looting their people. At odd hours of the day or night these scouts dropped into Wirkus' office to report. They never produced any bodies, however, to back up their claims. Wirkus finally demanded proof from one vigilante leader. The black left in high indignation. Several weeks later he returned and put a package of banana leaves on the Marine's desk. When Faustin opened the bundle, to his horror he saw six human left ears!

In 1920 Wirkus was transferred to a more tranquil Haitian neighborhood to give his frayed nerves a rest. A sub-district commander of Arcahaie, he was also nominally in charge of La Gonave. At last he was to find out about the isle whose evil reputation had fascinated him. He could learn nothing from the white officers who had formerly been stationed there, for none of them had ever dared venture into the

interior.

Nevertheless, Wirkus applied for duty on the island. In preparation, he mixed with the natives on the mainland and learned a lot about them. Because he was reputed to be a master of magic, he even succeeded in getting initiated into the closely guarded voodoo rituals. Staining his face yellow, he passed himself off as a Jamaica Negro. In the full of the moon he was escorted into an eerie voodoo temple where a spirit voice summoned from Africa

gruffly called him a stupid fellow and snubbed him.
At last, in 1925, Wirkus was appointed resident commander of La Gonave. Where others had found a hell hole, he found a Negro garden of Eden. He arrived on the isle with a huge box of bonbons. These he dispatched post haste, with his compliments, to the queen, Ti Memenne. Enormously pleased with the sweets, her dusky majesty called on him in her garb of state, a cotton store dress, gay bandana and

shiny patent leather shoes. In the first few months of his residency, Wirkus explored the jungle trails alone and unarmed. Hidden signal drums warned the villagers of his approach so that wherever he went, he was expected. He got to know the people, visited their huts, shared their food, listened to their troubles.

In no time at all, the islanders adored him. He, in turn, fell in love with them completely. He treated them with courtesy and never belittled their voodoo beliefs. He took them as he found them and didn't

try to make them over.

As a token of their love, the natives made him a member of their 12 Congo Societies. These were unique labor unions each ruled by a queen of the blacks' choosing. Ti Memenne, as the queen mother, ruled over the sub-queens. In this primitive co-operative, to the constant beat of the Congo drums, the natives swung their machetes and hoes in their neighbor's garden to plant the crops en masse. Each member got the benefit of one full day's work from all his fellow members. The work cycle was repeated until the end of harvest.

In this simple, orderly way Wirkus got seemingly impossible things done. At the risk of his own job, he exposed the local graft in the collection of taxes. He didn't rest until the island farmers got a square deal on assessments. Incidentally he also saved the Haitian government taxes amounting to \$40,000.

HE BUILT a landing field to show off the beauty of his island to officials from the mainland. He took the first census, a difficult job because of the local belief that only the devil kept track of his children. He wheedled seeds and blooded sows from the mainland government for his islanders. He taught them to plant in rows, instead of scatter-ing seeds at random as they had been doing.

These practical reforms and his "magic" endeared him still more to the natives. It was said that although his skin was white, he had the sympathetic

heart of a Negro.

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The final attribute was his peculiar Christian name. A former native emperor of Haiti had been named Faustin I. He had vanished in 1848, promising that his namesake would some day return to take his throne. To the naive, mystic blacks of La Gonave, the friendly Marine seemed certainly to be the emperor, reincarnated.

In a highly constitutional manner Wirkus was nominated king in a secret conclave. His nomination was ratified at a convention of the 12 sub-queens. The final seal of approval came from a blind seer who confirmed the belief that he was indeed the reincarnation of Faustin I.

The Marine's coronation was celebrated with pomp before his 12,000 black subjects. A voodoo

priest smeared the blood of a white rooster on his wrists. Then, to the muffled roll of ceremonial drums, a crown made of sea-shells, hummingbird feathers and slivers of a broken mirror was jammed on his

Faustin II's royal status brought with it a fresh batch of responsibilities. As a medicine man, he was

called upon for everything from delivering a baby to curing a hog with cholera. His most vexing problem was sick infants. Fortunately he got hold of a book on pediatrics. This he thumbed earnestly as he made

his rounds through the jungle.

Accessible to everyone, Wirkus was hailed on the trails to settle boundary disputes and fishing concessions. The major items on his itinerant judicial docket, however, were love triangles. Although polygamy was accepted, all too often wives battled for exclusive possession of their common husband. When these marital mix-ups were dumped into his lap, Wirkus made the husband do the choosing. He insisted, however, that the discarded lady get a settlement of pots and pans.

'HE only problems the king dodged were those involving religion. One day a native policeman named Charlemonde appeared before his majesty. He was deeply troubled. It seems the fellow had been impressed by a Baptist missionary at a revival meeting he attended on the mainland. He was ready to be converted. The stickler was that first he would have to give up seven of his eight wives if he were to become a good Christian. Wirkus refused to advise the burly Negro. He did point out that, along with the seven wives, Charlemonde would also have to relinquish the seven plantations these women hoed and tended for him. It didn't take long, then, for the native to choose between his gardens and his immortal soul.

Where his knowledge fell short, the Marine king relied on his common sense. In one case, his know-how put him on a level with the local gods. An islander named Constant Polynice had a passion for cockfighting, but his gamecocks were so lazy that they constantly lost every bet their hopeful master

placed on them.

Faustin II mapped out a training schedule for the indifferent roosters. He covered their food with gravel so they would have to dig for it. He threw them into the air in a dark room to make them exercise their wings. He tied a pullet just out of their

A month later Polynice reported gleefully that now his "Marine Corps roosters" had muscle and a fighting heart. They had, in fact, beaten every single opponent. Only someone close to the gods, the native was convinced, could have thus transformed his miserable gladiators.

For four happy years Faustin II ruled his "Black children" by working with them. Whatever he taught them — whether it was building a house, breeding pigs, planting a field or comforting a colic baby — they listened eagerly. For in their simple, childlike way, they had given him their love.

Ironically enough, it was their very love which doomed the benevolent monarch's rule. The government of Haiti had begun to take an active interest in the island, now that the Marine had redeemed it from its ugly reputation. In 1928 the president of Haiti decided to visit La Gonave. This was the first inspection by a high dignitary from the mainland in the history of the island. Not long after Wirkus was relieved of his post. Rumor had it that the president couldn't tolerate the idea of a king - not even a jungle king — in any part of his republic.

Wirkus left without telling his subjects that the

honor they had bestowed upon him was respon sible for his forced abdication. He knew it would make them miserable and he loved them too much for that. He finished his hitch at other stations in Haiti and left the service in 1931 to write a book about his amazing adventures. His fame soon circled the globe. From Iceland to Japan, newspapers car-

ried the strange story of his tropical kingdom.

From a poor miner, the ex-Marine became a celebrity. After his book was published he lectured for a while. Then he became a customer's man on Wall Street. In 1939, when war clouds threatened, he ditched his prosaic job and enlisted in the Marines This time his ability to understand and handle people landed him a public relations post.

Several years later, tragedy struck. The tough soldier who had withstood bullets, ambush and disease was stricken with a fatal disease. After a long and gallant fight, he died in 1945 at the age of 48.

If he has realized his dearest wish, his soul has joined the dark-skinned hosts he loved so well, to pick heavenly bananas in God's jungle garden. END Atlantic City took it on the beach last year



beach nvasion

AY and sun-blanched Miami Beach will get it this year when the Marine Corps League gathers its forces in that fabulous town. Last year Atlantic City was given a boardwalk view of how a Marine landing must have looked to the pillboxed Japanese. This fall's assault against the Florida sands and card extract against the Florida sands. This fall's assault against the Florida sands and candy-striped parasols may be still more impressive, for the man who handled the real thing from Tulagi to Okinawa, will be the convention chairman. We speak of General Holland M. Smith, whose Marines called him "Howling Mad" when he was out of earshot. The League's 24th annual convention will run for five days, beginning on October 7. It's impressive title will be National Victory Assembly. The League, whose sole purpose

It's impressive title will be National Victory Assembly. The League, whose sole purpose is to promote the Corps and help Marines and former Marines who need help, has drawn the interest of a number of well known persons in this country. Many of these are on its 52-member national committee. They include Bernie Bierman, Milton Caniff, Attorney General Tom Clark, Bing Crosby, Jim Farley, Herbert Hoover, Eric Johnston, Tyrone Power, Eddie Rickenbacker and Gene Tunney. All Eddie Rickenbacker and Gene Tunney. All are expected to be on hand when the gavel of League Commandant Jospeh Alvarez opens

the proceedings.

High spots of the convention, sandwiched between 18 solid hours of business meetings, between 18 solid hours of business meetings, will be a military show in the Orange Bowl; the mock invasion; a parade depicting significant historical Marine Corps events since 1776; the selection and crowning of a Miss Semper Fidelis, and miscellaneous social activities including a moonlight boat ride and the annual dinner, at which General A. A. Vandegrift, Marine Corps Commandant, will be the principal speaker.

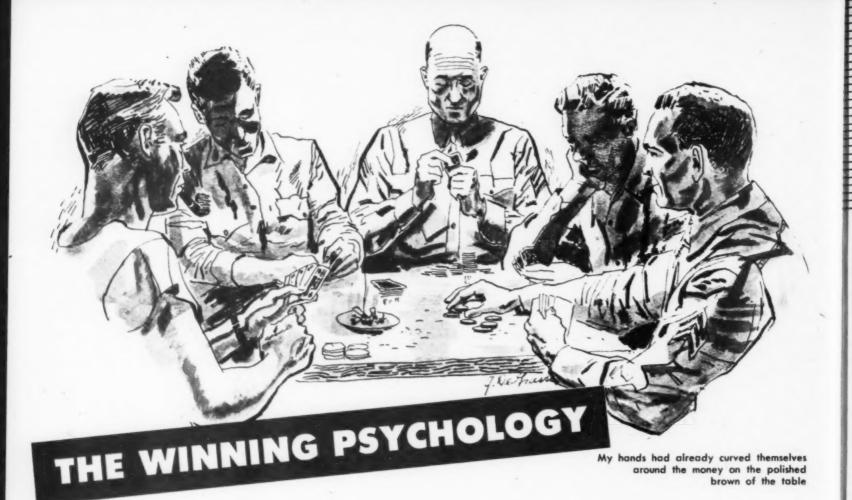
be the principal speaker.

In a message concerning the League meeting, General Vandegrift wrote:

ing, General Vandegrift wrote:
"I am personally interested and whole-heartedly indorse the success of the Assembly. In the true spirit of Marines, I am sure it will

be none other."

When the shouting is over and Leaguers are packing for a reluctant leave-taking they hope they will have collected enough money to finance a permanent tribute to the Corps. This would be an international Marine memorial club to be erected near the site of the mock landing Marines will make there on the afternoon of Thursday, October 9.



by Sat. L. F. Johnston

PLAY scientific poker. A man has to, unless he wants to end up with a mortgage on his 782 equipment. In the game of science there are many factors whose consideration means a

winning evening.

One does well to have day after tomorrow's weather forecast at his tongue's tip. He can lose nothing in knowing whether or not any of his opponents are suffering of last night's debauchery. the host had a minor squabble with his spouse before gaining permission for the smokey session, that, too, can be of value.

To illustrate my system let me give you a description of a session in Argentia, Newfoundland. We sat at a long, polished table in a topside room. There was blowing snow outside; a lone Argentian was standing by. (All these things entered into my cal-culations. There are times when a slide rule is a

handy aid to poker problems.) There were five hands in this game. Three were nondescript fair-to-awful players, while the fifth was the rawest of tyros. I smiled, to myself of course, as I watched him drop three cards in an attempt to shuffle. He did not blush in proper shame as he asked if a flush beats a straight. In appearance, he looked exactly like a man who would drop three cards on the shuffle and who would ask if a flush beat a full house. I smiled in benign superiority, promising myself not to be too hard on the lad.

Well toward the end of the evening it was my good fortune to find two very respectable pairs in my hand on the deal. I make mention of the fact that there was no limit. It was the sky, if a man's courage was equal to it.

I opened for the size of the pot. Such noncommital betting is desirable. It neither boasts of, nor apologizes for, the hand of the opening player. Of the remaining four contestants, three chose to vie with me for the pot that had risen to awesome proportions with our four remaining players.

The draw is lost to my memory, except that the beginner on my right took one card. I therefore plugged him as trying for a straight or flush. My one card did nothing to improve my hand. I checked into the man who had taken one. This is sound policy among knowing poker players. To bet into the one-card man is to expose oneself to a rattling raise. It also makes him appear unnecessarily foolish in having to call the raise and lose.

The two others dropped. My sighs of relief were purposely kept inaudible. That would be to confess even greater weakness than was told by my checking move. The boot was not dropping. He made a very substantial bet, the size of the pot, in fact. That left me with the hard choice of either paying to see his cards, or admitting that I considered my

hand in this case utterly without worth.

It was at this point that I brought into play my superior knowledge of poker and player psychology. One has to think in these instances. Now, I hoped as I fondled my chips, figuring that the clicking sound would tell on his untrained nerves, the beginner will not have the courage to bluff. Had I not seen him blush when he could not spread his hand in a workmanlike fashion? Had he not asked whether three of a kind would take a flush? Certainly, and plainly, he had made either a flush or

I threw in the two pair, face upward, permitting a look of quiet wisdom to spread itself over my features. Not that it mattered in the least, I noticed that the other players approved of my folding actions.

"I guess you win, son." My voice held no rancor. I was the exemplar of good sportsmanship. probably got a straight. Drag the pot. It's your

"Golly, sarge, how did you know?"

I swallowed my resentment at the anemic epithet. One must not let his prejudices trip up his card judgment. My two pair were already lost in the pack as he spread five cards on the table. I was counting my remaining chips when a growling voice from the other side of the table said,

"Hey, Dilbert! That ain't no straight. You can't stretch two to seven.

The boot's mistake was actually a source of embarrassment to me. Tolerance is a good thing to carry into the game. There was immense understanding in my words as I said,

"Son, I will tell you a few facts about this game."

"Yes, Sarge.

By Gadfrey, one could like a young fellow of that sort. Yes, even help him along with the fruit of my many years' experience. It is good to hear the men with little time bespeak their willingness to respect the havers of experience.
"Look, a straight is five cards in consecutive

order, like four, five, six, seven, and eight; or nine, ten, jack, queen, and king. See?"
"Yes, Sarge."

Ah, such malleability! A good man, this kid. The makings of a sound poker player. And Marine, too. I determined that he should profit by my years of

"And, son." There was no design toward intimi-dation in my tone; merely friendliness from an older, more knowing man. "Two to seven does not beat two pairs, even threes and deuces.

I get it Sarge."

"Now just make certain this little lesson has gone

home, I will take this trifling pot.

My hands had already curved themselves around the money on the polished brown of the table. "Everyone saw my hand; it's in the deck somewhere.

"You will take nothing, Mac. And love it. You

threw your hand in," said the tyro.

His brusque unmannerliness caused me some pain as he thrust my hands aside.

"A penny up for the next hand, you guys!"

I couldn't remember having given him any in-structions on that point. Perhaps I shouldn't be so



Books Reviewed

THE ASSAULT. By Allen R. Matthews. Simon & Schuster. \$2.50

S BILL MAULDIN says in the foreword, war looks downright unattractive when viewed through the pages of Mr. Matthews' book. "The Assault" is perhaps the first personal record of a foot soldier published since the close of World War II. Certainly it is one of the most realistic presentations of the infantryman's sensations and reactions while under fire.

The setting is Iwo Jima, which has been covered by at least its share of Pacific war writings. But with its invisible pillboxes, back-stabbing spider holes, choking dust and exhaustingly shifty ashy sands, the island provided the perfect stage for the development of unknown fears and utter confusion for riflemen who could not be kept up-to-date on the latest tactical thought behind the ever-changing and sometimes seemingly unreasonable orders they received.



Rifleman Allen Matthews, a Georgia newspaperman, was no chicken when he hit the beach on D-Day with the Fourth Division. He was 30 years old, married, and the father of a small son. They called him "Pop," and it was his age, eventually, and a badly infected hand, that caused his evacuation after 12 days of tortuous fighting. But he was the last man of his squad to go, and in his going to the beach he was so completely done up that he staggered and stumbled and fell and repeatedly picked himself up again to get there.

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There are no heroics in the story. It was just that Pop, so exhausted at one point on D-Day that he could only roll into a shell hole for protection, did what he was told — advancing, retreating, running messages, ducking mortar and artillery shells until he could do it no more. He watched other men get nicked or die horribly and got used to it, just as every Marine in action had

It's a story that every Marine or former Marine should read, whether he saw action or not. If he was in action, he will see himself in the occupation of fighting an infantryman's war. If he wasn't, then he at least will have more than a fair idea of why his Stateside training was so tough.

Mr. Matthews' almost photographic memory has preserved a really graphic tale. He has come as close as one can to conveying the futureless feeling that this day of battle can well be "it." To get any closer you would have to be there, personally.

—J. C.

YANK — THE GI STORY OF THE WAR. By the Staff of YANK, The Army Weekly. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York. \$5.

HERE are many ways to report a war and to record its history. Yank did it through the medium of the personal, often bitter, experiences of the men who did the fighting. This book is a chronological account of the GI's war

as written, photographed, and sketched by GIs

All the bitterness, fear, pain, dirt, fatigue, and even the stench, experienced by the 14,000,000 men "who hope to God they won't have to do it again" are recorded here in honest, simple, moving words and in memorable sketches and pictures. There is humor, too, but not the kind that brings on the belly laugh. It's the kind that can somehow give a man strength to go on when he is so tired he can't feel the ache in his legs any more, or when he stumbles and suddenly realizes he has fallen asleep on the march.



As war fades farther and farther into the past, there is a tendency to forget just how bitter its experiences were. The GI Story will serve as a reminder. The book is not confined to any one branch of the service. Soldiers, Sailors, Marines—the intantry, artillery, surface ships, submarines, aircraft—none are overlooked. The striking thing is that, regardless of the uniform a man wore or where he fought his war, the experiences he endured and their emotional impact upon him were basically the same.

The language in which it is written is hard-

The language in which it is written is hard-boiled, and some of the pictures may turn your stomach. If it was to give a true account, the book had to be done this way, because that's the way things were.

— J. F. M.

OVERDUE AND PRESUMED LOST. By Martin Sheridan. Marshall Jones Company, Francestown, New Hampshire. \$2.75.

BECAUSE publicity of any type could easily bring disaster to the ships and death to their crew, submarines were kept out of the news during the war. Only one submarine, the USS Bullhead, ever carried a war correspondent on a war patrol. He was Martin Sheridan. "Overdue and Presumed Lost," therefore, is the only account of the submarine service in combat to be written by a professional civilian corespondent.

Fifty-two American submarines were lost during the war, and 43 of these were reported "overdue from war patrol and presumed lost." The Bullhead was the last to disappear during the war. She failed to return from her third patrol. The Bullhead had a short but brilliant career.

The Bullhead had a short but brilliant career.

Her first sortie was a particularly eventful one,
and it is to this that most of the book is devoted.

and it is to this that most of the book is devoted. The story of the submarine and its crew is a tribute to the men of the entire submarine service. It sweeps away some of the mystery which, for security reasons, had surrounded "the silent service." It bears out the tradition of courage and skill of the men who fight below the surface where a single depth charge, torpedo, or unchartered pinnacle of rock may send the entire crew to a watery grave and add another name to the list of ships overdue.

— J. F. M.

THE VIXENS. By Frank Yerby. The Dial Press. New York. \$2.75.

OMANTIC and turbulent New Orleans in the bitter years following the Civil War forms the backdrop for the latest of Frank Yerby's highly interesting historical novels. As in "The Foxes of Harrow," Yerby has very deftly blended the highly combustible political issues of the day with some equally riotous romances that easily carry the plot to its exciting conclusion.

Close on the heels of the Carpetbaggers' descent upon the South, Laird Fournois, of the black hair and coppery skin, returns from the war to his ancestral New Orleans home where he receives an openly hostile reception. Of aristocratic Southern birth, Laird receives all the bitterness that has been reserved for the hated Scalawags who dared take up arms against their own people. Stamped as a renegade among his own people during this period of confusion and terror, Laird sets about to establish himself as a political fixture in the despised Carpetbag-Scalawag government.

despised Carpetbag-Scalawag government.

Disregarding the feelings of his disspirited older brother, Phillip, Laird attacks his venture with a ruthless singleness of purpose that very often hinges on self destruction. Resolute as always, Laird determines to win the hand of beautiful but delicate Sabrina, daughter of a Southern general, hoping for more respectability by virtue of her distinguished family lineage. A bitter victory is gained as Laird finds Sabrina has been driven insane at the sight of her father's assasination during one of the many New Orleans race



Establishing her identity as the inevitable third party of the eternal triangle is the passionate, gold-skinned Denise Lascals, who would not share Fournois with any other woman — not even his wife. Totally disregarding her own personal reputation, Denise devotes her life to assuring Laird of his only happiness.

Undoubtedly the villian of villains is Hugh Duncan, the fragile but handsome, arch-reactionary, whose cunning mind enslaves men of all stations of New Orleans society to do his bidding which includes murder, the agitation of racial hatred and mob rule, in an all out effort to obtain unequivocal leadership of the power-laden political empire.

Familiar to readers of "The Foxes of Harrow," will be Big Inch the highly educated champion of his people, and Etienne Fox, son of old Stephan Fox, who falls far short of his father's stature by becoming a pawn of Hugh Duncan.

Throughout the long and bloody fight for power, Laird Fournois remains resolute and realizes his political ambitions only to find himself a very unhappy man. Forced by his enemies to flee his grandiose plantation, Plaisance, with it's accompanying wealth, all seems lost as Denise becomes the mistress of Hugh Duncan in a final effort to save her true love. However, author Yerby comes forth with a happy ending when Laird returns to find his plantation burned, Sabrina dead, and now, free to claim Denise as his own, our hero wreaks heavy vengeance upon villain Duncan with his own rapier.

All in all, "The Vixens" is a highly interesting



Leatherneck Book Sh

The following pages contain a list of books especially selected from the catalogues of leading book publishers as a handy

guide for those interested in good reading. Latest best sellers and popular favorites in both fiction and non-fiction are represented. Order books by using form on opposite page.

The Story of Wake Island BY COL. JAMES DEVEREUX

HE story of a small out-num-bered band of Marines and civilians on Wake Island during the beginning of the recent war, and their ordeals of attack and captivity.





American Sea Power Since 1775

Edited by Allan Westcott

A HISTORY of fighting ships, manned by fighting men, and the battles they fought.

Tales of the South Pacific

By James A. Michener

AN American naval officer, a frequent traveler through the Pacific Islands, tells fast-moving yarns of the men and women who fought the war in that area.





The Assault

By Allen R. Matthews

THIS is perhaps one of the first books to bring to us a personal record of what combat in World War II was really like.



The Big Yankee

By Michael Blankfort

THE life of the late Carlson of the Raiders. You have heard about him, and now you can read about him.



Combat Correspondent

By Jim Lucas

HE first book to come from the Marines' special Corps of fighting writers who re-ported on the battles in which they fought.

\$2.50



Born to Fight

By Ralph B. Jordan

THE life of Admiral Halsey, famed wartime commander of the Third Fleet.

\$2.00



The Island War

By Major Frank O. Hough

BATTLE-BY-BATTLE story of the Marines in their drive to final victory.

\$5.00

Overdue and Presumed Lost

By Martin Sheridan THE story of the USS Bullhead and its cou-

rageous volunteers who served in the U. S. Navy's Submarine Service.



Semper Fidelis

AN anthology of stories, sketches and photographs-all by combat corre-spondents of the Marine Corps vividly portraying the part the Corps played in the Pacific War.

Guidebook for Marines

MAKE rates faster with this complete reference. Contains necsary information for the average man.



MILITARY BOOKS

THE WORLD'S MILITARY HISTORY \$3.50

By Brig. Gen. W. A. Mitchell. Military successes and failures from 1500 B.C. to 1918 A.D. An invaluable reference book.

HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II \$5.00

By Francis T. Miller. Complete history including signed statements by the leaders of the forces.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS \$5.00

By Cal. Clyde H. Metcalf. A book containing 584 pages, including illustrations, that affer the complete history of the Corps from Tun Tavern to the battles of World War I and the years that fo

THE NAVY'S AIR WAR

Edited by A. R. Buchanan. Contains 32 pages of photographs. The authentic and official stary of naval aviation in Warld War II.

BETIO BEACHHEAD \$2.50

U.S. Marines' own story of the battle for Tarawa, complete with 72 pages of official photographs.

UNCOMMON VALOR \$3.00

By Six Marine Combat Correspondents. A history of each of the Six Marine Divisions which fought in the Pacific.

YOUR MARINE CORPS IN WORLD WAR II

\$4.50 A tribute to the Marines of World War II in pictures. Leather-

BATTLE STATIONS

Told by the admirals of the Fleet and the generals of the Marine Corps. Over 500 pictures help to tell the story of naval action from Pearl Harbor to the treaty-signing in Tokyo Bay.

THE U. S. MARINES ON IWO JIMA \$3.50

By Five Marine Correspondents. Official, complete stoly of Marines on two Jima. Recital of the exploits of individuals, names of those killed, photographs, etc.

AND A FEW MARINES \$3.00

By Col. John W. Thomason, Jr. Here are undoubtedly some of the best stories ever written about Marines.

INTO THE VALLEY \$1.00

By John Hersey. A skirmish of the Marines on Guadalconal.

YANK: THE G.I. STORY OF WAR \$5.00 By the Staff on Yank: the Army Weekly. The story of World War II from the viewpoint of the GI.

OPERATION LIFE LINE \$5.00

By James Lee and Joe Rosenthal. The story of the Naval Air Transport Service.

OPERATION CROSSROADS \$2.00

Foreward by Admiral Blandy. Official pictorial record and report of the operation that captured the interest of the entire

THINK IT OVER MATE

By Lou Givvin. "Rocks and Shoals" written to be understood

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By Melvin M. Johnson, Jr. and Charles T. Haven. Its history, evelopment and 6se. 1600-1943. .22 BB Cap to 40-mm. shell.

BASIC MANUAL OF MILITARY

SMALL ARMS By W. H. B. Smith. Contains information and pictures of

AUTOMATIC ARMS

By Melvin M. Johnson, Jr. and Charles T. Haven. Their his-

RIFLES AND MACHINE GUNS

from all parts of the world.

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Demobilization left

Dago without a radio voice but

it's making a strong

comeback with a new program



by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen Leatherneck Staff Writer



Master Sergeant Pat Mulligan, band leader, clowns before a broadcast with Jackson Rauhof, now a chief warrant officer



The famed base band is featured on the new, weekly, half-hour show which originates from the stage of the San Diego Marine Base theater



The old music stands of the "Halls of Montezuma" program are still used on the broadcast by the San Diego orchestra



HEN the all-Marine radio show, "Halls of Montezuma," went off the air shortly after V-J Day, the Corps was left without its famous radio voice. The Montezuma program had helped to keep the combat exploits of Marines before the public almost as much as the newspapers did. The rapid demobilization after the war forced its discontinuance, and the famed San Diego Marine Band, the program's backbone, was reduced from a wartime peak of 500 men to a mere 18, in the universal scramble for civvies.

But some of the Marines connected with the "Halls of Montezuma" remained in the Corps and they were not long content to take a back seat, even though the war had ended. They liked being radio lights. The base band was gradually regaining its authorized strength. So a new program, "The Marines Are On The Air," was born. Commissioned Warrant Officer Fred Lock, who led the orchestra on the wartime program, again handles the baton. The postwar show got off to an inauspicious start a year ago and won a 15-minute slot on one of the local San Diego stations.

In less than a year the new program has grown to a full half-hour production complete with guest stars and audience participation. It is now presented each Tuesday night from the stage of the huge base theater. At first it was recorded and transcribed over ABC's station KFMB every Thursday afternoon. Then, when the big shows went off the network for the summer it became a "live" program. Like the Army's "Sound Off"

it is presented in the interests of recruiting.

The new production doesn't dramatize historic achievements of individual Marines as was the case of the "Halls of Montezuma" show. During the war an expanded Marine Corps had screen and radio stars like Tyrone Fower, Glenn Ford, Bill Lundigan, Bob Ryan and Jack Briggs to fall back on. These men made regular appearances on the "Halls," and were responsible for much of its great popularity. They were able to make the feats of such Marine Congressional Medal of Honor winners as Sergeant John Basilone and First Lieutenant William D. Hawkins live for the vast listening audiences.

The show's first production manager, Private Larry Hayes, had had years of experience in the business. Hayes was later promoted to captain, and on Iwo Jima made one of the first recordings of actual battle.

In 1944 Warner Brothers added more prestige to the already well known

eater

Gruelling hours of rehearsal are necessary to perfect the musical spots. Musicians of the brass section often spend 15 minutes on a single run



The orchestra's featured female voice is that of Melissa Smith, a most popular girl among Marines





Corporal Raymond Doris is the band's topnotch musician. His specialty — styled piano music

Assistant arranger for the radio show is Sergeant Bernie Farr, ex-pilot and a DI

"Halls" orchestra by using it as the subject of a musical short, "The U. S. Marines on Review." The famous orchestra leader, Dick Jurgens, then a Marine master sergeant, led the band for the movie.

Men with such talent have long since left the service to continue their work in more lucrative civilian roles. It is difficult for Corporal Bob Bailey, the new show's script writer, to get Marines with radio acting experience. As a consequence he has to be content with a program featuring only the music of the base band. But the band makes up for this lack of drama with some of the best music heard in the San Diego area. A versatile organization, it plays everything from Sousa's marches to Bach-Gounod's beautiful "Ave Maria," and does them all equally well.

Still using the music stands of the old Halls of Montezuma program, the band presents a sharply spectacular show at the microphone on the stage of the base theater. Behind the band proper are ranged the blues-clad drum and bugle corps, and when the marches are played they give the tradi-tional flourishes with a lot of zip, raising flashing trumpets to lips in swift unison.

Every program is started off with an all-male

of a show, he gets down on his hands and knees and with his arms outstretched, a la Jolson, pleads for that few more seconds of pandemonium.

Harrison is a veteran of the old "Halls" program

and was the manager of the base theater when he was in the Corps. The show's announcer, Bud Sewell, is also a former Marine.

On one broadcast Harrison let his enthusiasm for

the Corps get the better of him. As the show opened he led the audience in accompanying the chorus singing the Marine Hymn and became so engrossed with it all that he forgot to signal for a fade out. Sewell was unable to get in his usual opening announcement, "The Marines are on the air . . ."

The man behind the band, and responsible for its excellent arrangements, is Technical Sergeant Larry Martin. Larry was formerly a staff arranger

Corporal Norton Maltz, 18-year-old trumpet soloist, is the organization's junior member



Solid music is featured on the Corps' new show

for several midwest radio stations. When he entered the Corps he was assigned arranging duties with the old coast-to-coast "Halls" show. His assistant is Sergeant Bernie Farr, a former Navy pilot and later a Marine DI. Farr was with Dick Jurgens when he made his tour of 49 Pacific islands during the war.

Two of the band's topnotch musicians are held in high regard among the program's followers. One of them, Corporal Norton Maltz, trumpet soloist, is the youngest bandsman. This 18-year-old Marine formerly played for the Hoagy Carmichael 'Teen-Agers Orchestra. He possesses a brilliant tone and a nice style in his phrasing. The other is Corporal Raymond Doris, a piano stylist. Doris takes everything in stride from Bach to boogie-woogie without any strain.

Guest stars appear on the program every week. Most of them are amateurs from San Diego. The broadcast gives them a crack at breaking into radio work. The vocalist most often featured is Melissa Smith, a beautiful gal who has naturally become very popular with her Marine audience. Master Sergeant William Robison handles the semi-classical numbers in his pleasing tenor voice. A local singing fireman. Johnny Russell, is another of the show's

regular attractions.

It takes hours and hours of practice to put on a good, professional broadcast, and CWO Lock and his base band are not content with halfway measures. The orchestra starts rehearsing for the next week's program almost as soon as it has finished each Tuesday broadcast. This writer watched the brass section spend at least 15 minutes on one little run before Lock was satisfied with the tone they achieved. But this painstaking practice pays off in the polished performance the band turns in every week and accounts for the popularity of the broadcast. The organization has received many gratifying fan letters from listeners who are convinced it is one of the best bands in the land.

But "The Marines Are on the Air" is still in the

formative stage. Although they broadcast over an ABC station the show is heard only in San Diego and the surrounding area. Efforts are being made to get it on a west coast or even nationwide hookup. If that is accomplished Hollywood has promised to furnish guest stars for each broadcast.

> Decorations by Corp. Paul J. Hartle Leatherneck Staff Artist



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